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Saturday Review

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS AND HIS "WITNESS"

MAY 24, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

Whittaker Chambers and the Hiss trial courtroom scene as drawn by William Sharp. (See the review of "Witness" by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., page 8, and the comments by John Dos Passos, Charles Alan Wright, Richard M. Nixon, and Richard B. Morris, pages 11-13)

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PLEASE MAKE MY DADDY WELL

"Mom says he is not in Korea any more. So I thought he would come home to us. But now Mom says he is in a Navy hospital and he needs blood to get well. I wanted to help, but they can't take my blood till I am 18. Please give my Dad some blood so he will come home to us soon."

Our Armed Forces require 300,000 pints of blood every month to save the lives of wounded men in hospitals in Korea, Japan and the U. S., and to rebuild reserves that could be wiped out in a single national disaster. The need has *never* been greater. Make your appointment for a blood donation today. And keep it for the sake of thousands of men whose lives still depend upon you.

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WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT PINT OF BLOOD YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE?

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It is difficult to write a definition of the American way. But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

BY 1970... A TRILLION?

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home tonight!"

KEEP this nursery rhyme firmly in mind, and it will be easier to understand a dramatic and similar chain reaction now happening in America.

Like the old lady in the rhyme, Uncle Sam wants action—steel, aluminum, defense production. Two billion pounds or more of aluminum this year, for example.

...But we won't get more aluminum without more plants.

...But plants won't run unless we have more electricity—and lots of it. (For instance, just to make the aluminum planned this year, it will take as much electricity as 125 million homes would use.)

...But there won't be this electricity unless we have more turbines and generators to make it.

...But there won't be more turbines and generators coming into towns on flatcars unless somebody had started making them more than a year ago. It normally takes 64 weeks to build a modern turbine-generator, even after design and engineering have been done.

...But a lot of these extra turbine-generators couldn't have been started over a year ago unless people in the electrical industry had started expanding their plants several years before that.

Now we come to things that kept this chain reaction from fizzling out:

The aluminum industry *did* forecast increasing uses for aluminum, and planned expansion.

People in the electric utility business *did* forecast America's needs for electric power up to five years ahead, and placed orders.

The electrical industry *did* forecast what it would take to build the turbines and generators the utilities would need. Six years ago, in the pessimistic postwar year of 1946, General Electric broke ground for a vast new turbine plant. When this was completed in 1950, General Electric's turbine-manufacturing capacity was upped 60 per cent.

So it looks as if Uncle Sam will get his two billion pounds of aluminum this year. A lot more than we could produce in a hurry unless some people had acted on the right hunch about America's needs—five or six years ago.

We wrote this story about aluminum. We could have written the story about steel, or chemicals. America's electric generating capacity must backstop them all.

That's why electric output is a good measure of a nation's current productive strength.

Here are some figures worth thinking about:

U.S. electric output in kilowatt-hours

1940	140 billion
1950	330 billion
1960	600 billion (est.)
1970	one trillion?

A trillion kilowatt-hours of electric power for America by 1970? When business foresight is added to research and engineering under a free economy, things like this can happen.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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A weekly review
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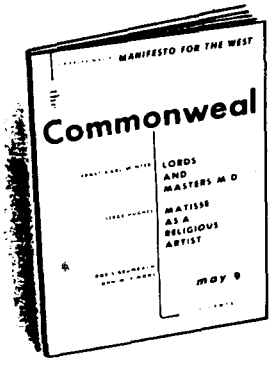
catholic in its interests



the
Commonweal

BECAUSE its recent political contributors include such authors as Charles Malik, Peter Viereck, Chester Bowles and Joseph Alsop. And *Time* magazine calls THE COMMONWEAL "A strong voice of the anti-Communist Left," and Senator Paul H. Douglas finds it "one of the two or three best periodicals in the country," for which he is "grateful as a citizen."

BECAUSE its literary contributors include such men as Evelyn Waugh, Sean O'Faolain, Compton Mackenzie, Thomas Merton and Martin Turnell. And the *Christian Century* (Protestant) says of THE COMMONWEAL that "no periodical in the country maintains a higher literary standard."

BECAUSE among its contributors are such writers as George N. Shuster, Francois Mauriac, Dorothy Day, Bernard Iddings Bell and Jacques Maritain. *The Living Church* (Episcopalian) says: "The field of religious journalism would be much poorer without this courageous weekly."

BECAUSE of its emphasis on current books, the comments of Walter Kerr and Philip T. Hartung on stage and screen and its acute interest in cultural things generally.

All this will explain why THE COMMONWEAL's circulation (now at an all-time high) has increased by 50 per cent in the past eight months. It indicates why you would enjoy a trial subscription. Send in the coupon now!

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MAY 24, 1952

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Good News

▸ Arrangements have been completed in Endicott, N. Y., for members of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, which is being torn down, to worship indefinitely in Temple Beth-El. The church structure will be replaced by a new edifice. Permission to effect the union of the two congregations under one roof was obtained from the Rabbinical Assembly of New York and the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Syracuse.

▸ A party of young people is setting out for the leper colony at Chiengmai, Thailand, to build houses for lepers' children and isolate them from infection. The Fifth Conference of International Voluntary Work Camp Organizers also disclosed that more than 140,000 young men and women devoted part or all of their holidays in 1951 to working for others. To increase the educational value of work camps and the contribution they make to international understanding, UNESCO is sending seventy libraries to camps in Europe, Asia, and Africa and arranging for staff members to lecture at training camps in Europe.

▸ In April, Brazil became the thirty-sixth nation to ratify the U. N. Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide.

▸ A collection of tattered pieces of tissue woven from the reeds of the Nile delta and covered with Latin and Greek scrawls has brought to life the daily activities of city dwellers in Egypt two thousand years ago. These scraps of papyrus consist of memoranda and letters of businessmen and civil servants living in Egypt under Greek and Roman rule. They were discovered in the ruins of ancient cities, from tombs and rubbish heaps and from the outer wrappings of mummified crocodiles. The documents, in possession of the John Rylands Library in Manchester, have been edited and published in England in four volumes.

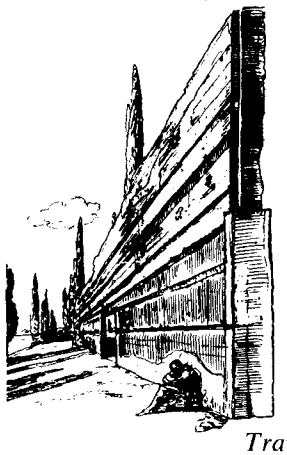
▸ Fritz Kreisler, world-famous violinist and composer, has presented his Guarneri violin and Tourte bow to the Library of Congress. As the property of the people of the United States, these gifts are to be used for the advancement of music. Mr. Kreisler in 1948 enriched the Library of Congress collection of autograph musical scores when he presented the manuscripts of Brahms's Violin Concerto in D major and Chausson's "Poème" for violin and orchestra.

How America's foremost critics have welcomed this literary masterpiece . . .

3

W. G. ROGERS:
"By some strange magic, this is Rome itself, wide, broad, and a good 20 centuries deep."
—Associated Press

ROBERT PENN WARREN:
"An original and beautiful book."



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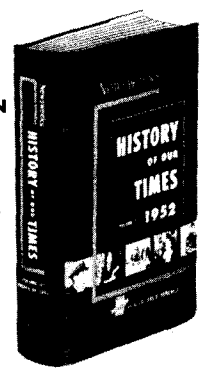

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TRADE Winds

LEONARD HARRIS of Prentice-Hall and Lester Doniger of the *Pulpit Digest* threaten a new book club designed solely to whet the appetites of the fresh and salt water anglers of America. Their fishy prospectus declares that orders will be fillet in order of receipt, operations conducted on a large scale, no flukey selections but all bonus porpoisely removed, members kept on the hook, no floundering by the judges, and a reasonably fair herring for all. . . . Peter Windsor wants Burr Shafer to draw a picture of the boy Nero practising his violin lesson reluctantly while his mother in the background confides to a neighbor, "I'm afraid my boy will never set the world on fire." (No sooner suggested than done; see page 7.) . . . Hal Block says he can prove that men are warmer than women. Consult a weather report. Doesn't it always read something like, "Max. 84. Min. 32"? . . . Martindale's opened a new branch in the Adams Hotel in Phoenix while the New York Giants were there for spring training. Very first customers of the shop were Sal Maglie and Bobby Thomson seeking advance copies of Laraine Day's "Day with the Giants." . . . On opening day at the Polo Grounds, *Omnibook*'s Victor Knauth, who thinks publishers deserve more publicity, came up with the notion that Coogan's Bluff be renamed McGraw Hill. . . . Paul Denis, author of the "Celebrity Cook Book," was asked in a radio interview, "What's *your* favorite dish?" His tactful reply: "My wife Helen." . . .

ALDOUS HUXLEY, in answer to my paragraph on the difficulty he experienced reading a paper without glasses at a Screen Writers' banquet, writes, "In 'The Art of Seeing' I explained that I had been afflicted with keratitis at the age of seventeen, that I had struggled along, with progressively thicker lenses and progressively diminishing vision and increasing fatigue, into my middle forties, when I had the great good fortune to meet with a gifted teacher of the Bates Method, who showed me how to get rid of eye-strain and do my work without glasses. Instead of following a descending course, my vision took a turn for the better. Thanks to my regular practice of the art of seeing, I have been able to maintain this improvement. I read a great deal, but read slowly and require optimum lighting. At the Screen Writers' banquet I was standing under a battery of spotlights aimed at me from all directions. For anyone handicapped by corneal opacities, no more trying conditions could have been devised."

Mr. Huxley also points out that since he has taken up residence in California—and adopted the Bates Method—he has written ten books: two volumes of essays, two works on philosophy and religion, three novels, two historical studies, and the volume on "The Art of Seeing" already referred to. His new book, "The Devils of Loudun," will be published by Harper on October 1. Incidentally, if you never have read Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," or have perchance forgotten its content, I urge you to get hold of a copy immediately. It has the same urgency and excitement today that I found in "Darkness at Noon" and "1984." . . .

STANTON GRIFFIS, ex-U. S. ambassador to the Argentine and Spain, who claims that the Brentano book chain is not the only source of his countless millions, is writing his autobiography for Doubleday. . . . A lady spied Helen Wilde reading Louis Kronenberger's "Grand Right and Left" in the club car of the Orange Blossom Limited and asked, "Is that the book about square dancing I've been hearing about?" . . . And in the Pratt Insti-

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tute Library, in Brooklyn, a student with a lascivious gleam in his eye demanded a copy of Salinger's "Catch Her in the Rye." . . . Lillian Castle encountered the word "omphaloskepsis" in a crossword puzzle, and looked it up in the dictionary. She says the definition gave her a belly-laugh. . . . Rod Maclean's neighbor is trying to cross his hens with a racing form so they can lay odds. . . . Evan

Esar's new definition of a bookseller: "A man who reads *Publisher's Weekly* and tries to pay publishers monthly."

AT A DINNER TO CELEBRATE Franklin P. Adams's seventieth birthday, a guest recalled an extremely popular feature of his old Conning Tower column labeled "Capsule Classics." Old examples:

Well, Rome really needed the money,
And further, the Gauls got too funny.
So we sent out our legions
To clean up them regions.
J. Caesar? Yep, he was there, sonny!

'Twas a mariner ancient said, "Say,
Stick around, kid, and list to my lay.
Shot a bird for a joke;
Saw my shipmates all croak;
Now I give to the S.P.C.A."

Hastily contrived at the dinner:

The trip made by Thor Heyerdahl
On a raft both unsteady and small
Was so devil-may-caring
He had Lloyd's declaring
"He rates no insurance at all."

So you're puzzled by Truman Capote?
Think he strikes a most decadent note?
But dismiss him you can't
For I'm sure you will grant
That you've read every line that he wrote.

Would Trade Winds readers like to resume this F. P. Amiable pursuit?

A NASHVILLE LADY READ Leland Stowe's "Conquest by Terror" with mounting concern, then sighed, "To think a Southern boy could go so far wrong." The old girl in the adjoining rocker protested, "I do declare, Mary Lou! What Southern boy are you runnin' down?" "Joe Stalin," answered the Nashville lady. "You know, of course, he's from Geo'gia." . . . Ken Purdy, editor of *True Magazine*, has written a book about the famous sports cars of yesterday and today, and the men who built and raced them, that should partially satisfy the cravings of folks who gaze enviously at all those low-slung, bug-like foreign jobs that go tootling around the streets these days. Purdy's book is called "The Kings of the Road." It's a Little, Brown-Atlantic Monthly Press production. . . . Another Little, Brown book, of a very different order, will be Clarence B. Randall's "A Creed for Free Enterprise." Mr. Randall is the Inland Steel executive who protested so vehemently over the radio and TV when President Truman took over the steel industry. . . . Walter D. Moore, incidentally, tells me that the late Warren Harding's newspaper, the *Marion* (Ohio) *Star*, went all the way back to Shakespeare for its editorial comment on that event: "On what meat doth this seizer feed that he hath grown so great!" . . .

SOMERSET HEMINGQUAND sat happily typing the final pages of his new novel. In the yard, his nine-year-old son had just tripped over a tree root and broken his leg. The boxer puppy had chewed up Mrs. Hemingquand's best curtain, the twins had spilled a can of paint in the parlor and were now trying to pull each other's hair out, and the nurse had given notice. Mrs. Hemingquand paused in front of her husband's door and called out, "Lunch will be ready in a few moments. How far have you gotten with your manuscript?" Mr. H. answered, "It's going like a house a-fire. The hero is just

proposing to the heroine." "Give it a happy ending," begged Mrs. H. earnestly. "Have her say 'no'!"

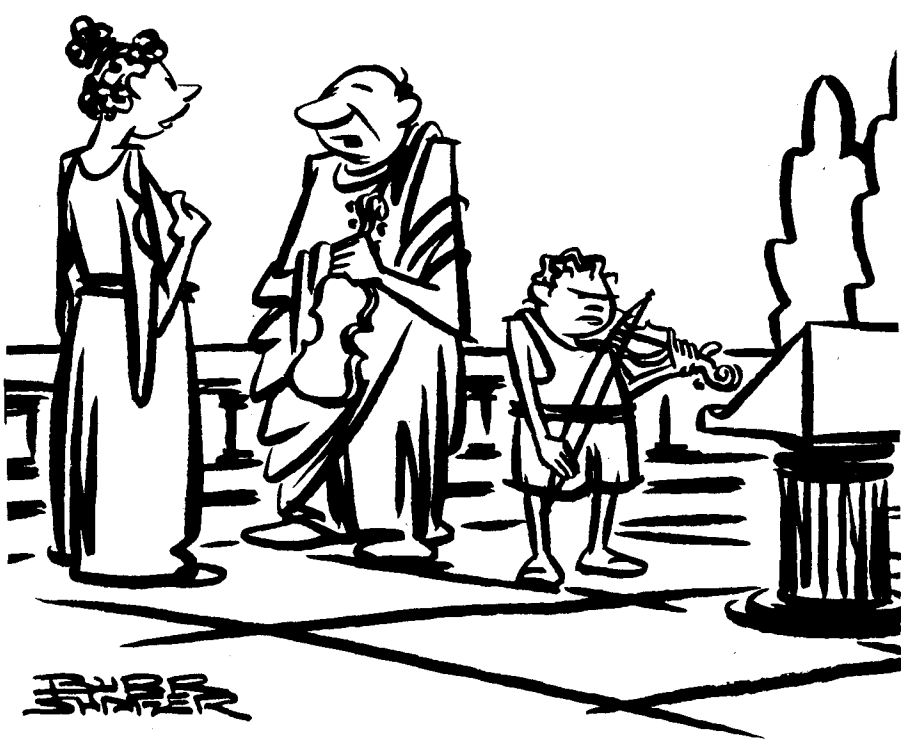
—Bennett Cerf.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 947)

MARQUAND:

MELVILLE GOODWIN, U. S. A.

On his return home Christmas from over a year at West Point, the family regarded him with uneasy questioning expressions. They were his family and at the same time he was a stranger. You could blame it all on the "Point." It had to be.



Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"I'm afraid little Nero will never set the world on fire."

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EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a brief statement of the editorial reasoning behind the decision to devote nine pages of *The Saturday Review* to the discussion of a single book.

When the pre-publication copy of Whittaker Chambers's "Witness" arrived in this office, it raised a number of highly pointed questions in terms of our possible treatment. Should the book as a whole be separated from a reconsideration of the Hiss-Chambers case out of which it grew, and should we accordingly confine ourselves to a consideration of its literary qualities? If so, wouldn't this make for an incomplete and unsatisfactory evaluation of the book, since the trial is the pivot of the story? And if we do go into the case itself, wouldn't we be attempting a retrial in print, something manifestly unfair to either or both of the principles? Further, wouldn't an attempt to pass judgment on the case impose something of an obligation to examine other pertinent material, including the actual transcript of the trials?

Still other questions grew out of the fact that counsel for Alger Hiss has appealed for a retrial on the basis of what it considers to be new and dramatic evidence, some of it centering around the now-famous typewriter which figured so largely in the case. In view of this, what measure of editorial responsibility in the reviewing of a book is imposed by respect for the principle of due process of law? There is, of course, the counter argument that the very fact of book publication projects the controversy from a legal level onto a literary one where all bets are off and where the usual literary freedom obtains. But even this counter argument has its possible limitations. If by literary freedom we mean the freedom to evaluate, isn't there a corresponding obligation to take into account all those factors that bear on a responsible opinion?

Out of all these questions has come the decision to present a symposium led by Mr. Schlesinger's essay review. We do not claim that the symposium method is the only way of dealing with this book or that it necessarily resolves all the pertinent questions. But it does have the advantage of creating a rounded and, we hope, fair and balanced framework for a competent over-all discussion of the book.

Another reason for the decision to give this book substantial space is that "Witness" is at the core center of one of the most important public debates in American history. Far from ending a celebrated controversy, this book may reopen and enlarge it, coming as it does in the middle of a Presidential campaign.

We do not expect that the debate in *SR* will end with this issue. Indeed, the editors expect to be drawn into it on our own editorial page sometime soon. Moreover, we earnestly invite comment from our readers. Our purpose in doing this is not, as we said earlier, to make a courtroom out of a literary forum, but to seek and to provide a responsible outlet for reader opinion.

Whittaker Chambers & His "Witness"

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Arthur Schlesinger

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS has written one of the really significant American autobiographies.* When some future Plutarch writes his American Lives, he will find in Chambers penetrating and terrible insights into America in the early twentieth century. Nor need he search long for the parallel life; just as Henry L. Stimson's "On Active Service" is the powerful counterstatement to Henry Adams's "Education," so Whittaker Chambers's "Witness" is the counterstatement to that book so influential twenty years ago, the "Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens."

Together Adams and Stimson portrayed the life of the aristocracy in America, one in terms of frustration, the other in terms of fulfillment. Together Steffens and Chambers portray an aspect of the political history of the American middle class—Steffens driven by optimism to turn from freedom to Communism, Chambers driven by pessimism to turn from Communism to freedom. A symbolic historical meeting even took place between them. "My hat came off while I was reading today a story of yours," Steffens wrote to Chambers on June 18, 1933. "How you can write! . . . Whenever I hear people talking about 'proletarian art and literature,' I'm going to ask them to shut their minds and look at you." Chambers later went to see Steffens at the Hotel Commodore in New York, when Steffens wanted him to write a biography of Edward Filene (not, surely, as Chambers now recalls, of William Filene). After they parted, with Chambers halfway down the red-carpeted corridor to the elevator, Steffens opened the door and called after him, "Keep a warm spot in your heart, Whittaker." The memory surged back into Chambers's mind when he went again, years later, to the Commodore—this time to confront Alger Hiss.

In the end, worlds divided Steffens and Chambers. The one, as he said so often, had been over into the future, and it worked. And the other said, on breaking with the Communist Party: "I know that I am leaving the winning side for the losing side, but it is better to die on the losing side than to live under Communism." ("Almost nothing that I have observed, or that has happened to me since," Chambers writes in 1952, "has made me think that I was wrong about that forecast.")

In part, "Witness" is an extraordinary personal document—a powerful and compassionate story of a middle-class family broken on the shoals of life in middle-class America, until the

* *WITNESS. By Whittaker Chambers. New York: Random House. 808 pp. $5.*

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., author of "The Vital Center," is associate professor of history at Harvard.

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surviving son rejects his class and enlists in the ranks of the proletarian revolution. But, like the other great autobiographies, "Witness" is much more than a personal document. It is also a political document and a philosophical document. Its weight and urgency as a personal document are likely to win acceptance for its poltitics and its philosophy. But the politics and the philosophy, in my judgment, raise basic issues which deserve independent and critical examination.

Chambers's picture of the world he grew up in is precise, poignant, and wonderfully evocative. He reproduces with painful and unsparing intensity the agony of his family life, the burden of disappointment and failure which lay over both his father and his mother, the madness of his grandmother, the suicide of his brother, the hurt and hardships which accompanied a sensitive boy growing up in a family steadily falling to pieces. "We are hopeless," his brother said. "We are gentle people. We are too gentle to face the world." The whole wretched life could produce only a single conclusion: Chambers and his family felt themselves outcasts, with no friends, no social ties, no church, no community. "We could scarcely be more foreign in China than in our alienation from the life around us." In this mood Chambers in 1925 joined the Communist Party.

"In the West," Chambers writes, "all intellectuals become Communists because they are seeking the answer to one of two problems: the problems of war or the problem of economic crises." Yet in 1925 neither war nor economic crisis was an urgent problem. Many people joined the Communist Party in the Thirties in response to depression or to Fascism; but joining in 1925, at the height of prosperity and peace, was another matter. Chambers's own accounting for this fact, even now, is perplexing. He felt, he said, that the world was dying, that it was without faith, hope, or character, that only surgery could now save the wreckage of mankind, and that the Communist Party was history's surgeon. But one cannot escape the conclusion that the tragedy of his family, rather than the crisis of history, shaped Whittaker Chamber's decision. "Compared to us," he conceded, "the life around us was orderly and happy. We were not happy."

IN another part of the book Chambers makes a profounder analysis of the appeal of Communism. The conviction which unites and explains all Communists, he suggests, is the simple belief that it is necessary to change the world. To this the Communists add the corollary belief that man's liberated mind, by the force of rational intelligence *can* change the world. This assumption and this hope underlie Communist fanaticism, whether the world to be changed is the rural stagnation and squalor of Asia, the misery and insecurity of industrial Europe, or the intolerable tensions of a divided home. In this deeper sense Chambers's choice in 1925 could thus seem "a choice between a world that is dying and a world that is coming to birth."

Once in the Party Chambers served it for a season, drifted away, returned, and then joined its underground apparatus. He gives a detailed and vivid picture of the life of the Party—its satisfactions and its corruptions—and he adds a calm, factual account of the workings of the Communist conspiracy. Then the familiar tale unwinds with the implacability of a Greek tragedy: the Washington network; Alger Hiss; the gradual break with Communism; the flight from Communist retaliation; the reconquest of identity; *Time* Magazine; the Un-American Activities Committee; the trials; the final retirement and vindication. The suspense and excitement of the story remain. Chambers tells it, too, on the whole, without undue bitterness. One could hardly blame him for being bitter, when one recalls the ugly and vicious stories invented and repeated by respectable lawyers and college professors—stories which purported to "explain" everything, but which, when the time came, the Hiss defense never cared to bring up in court. The anti-Chambers whispering campaign was one of the most repellent of modern history. But Chambers, on the whole, except for one or two singularly unjustified cracks at that excellent paper, the *Washington Post*, keeps his temper.

No brief recapitulation can do justice to the impact of the Chambers book. The book is well—often brilliantly—written. But it is written with intensity—with an un-American, I was about to say, or at least un-Anglo-Saxon intensity; and the intensity sometimes leads to grotesque stylistic effects. "This case," he will write, "has turned a finger of fierce light into the suddenly opened and reeking body of our time." But if the style is often overwrought and improbable, so too are the events which the book describes. Chambers is a figure out of Dostoievsky, not out of William Dean

Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss—"the flux and relativity of human existence."

Acme Photo.

THE FACE OF A TRAITOR

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Howells, and the intensity of the prose suggests the extent to which the more smiling aspects of life are no longer necessarily the more American. On the whole, for all its excesses, the prose succeeds in bathing with baleful light the struggle of the spirit with which the author is so intensely concerned.

Those who resist this intensity—in many cases, because they refuse to believe in the reality of the Chambers nightmare—will continue to sneer at the book. There is an opposite danger, too: that those who succumb to the fierce emotions and hypnotic spell of the book will succumb also to Mr. Chambers's political and philosophical conclusions. These conclusions are deeply felt and persuasively formulated. They issue powerfully from the terrible experience with which the book is concerned. But to this reviewer these conclusions raise far more questions than they answer; and their origin, far from validating the conclusions, suggests perhaps the hazard of founding dogmatic generalizations on experience so narrow and fragmentary.

Mr. Chambers's political conclusion is that Communist penetration inside the United States Government enabled the Soviet Government not only to influence "the staggering sum of day-by-day decisions," but "to use the American State and Treasury Departments as a terrible engine of its revolutionary purposes." These Communist activities, he declares, "affected the future of every American now alive" and "decisively changed" the history of the world. Mr. Chambers would add that the New Deal—in fact any political effort dedicated to social welfare or to the use of the government for the general welfare—inevitably plays into the hands of the Communists. "When I took up my little sling," he writes, "and aimed at Communism I also hit something else. What I hit was the forces of that great Socialist revolution, which in the name of liberalism, spasmodically, incompletely, somewhat formlessly, but always in the same direction, has been inching its ice cap over the nation for two decades."

First, let us consider the specific role and influence of the Communists within the American Government. Mr. Chambers bases his case for their effectiveness on three kinds of evidence: on the facts of Communist espionage; on the nature of the jobs held by Communists; and on three foreign policy issues—the loss of China, the Morgenthau Plan, and Yalta.

The question of espionage is a serious one. But it is hard to contend that any historical calamities followed upon this espionage; and Chambers does not make this contention. His own conclusion, after reading the documents he got from Hiss, Harry White, and Julian Wadleigh, was that "political espionage was a magnificent waste of time and effort." This does not excuse the spies, but it does bear on any judgment as to whether Communist subversive activity changed the course of history. Atomic espionage, of course, is quite another matter; this, however, was not conducted in Washington and comprises no part of the Chambers indictment.

THE espionage mission, though, is directly relevant to the question of policy influence. For, in any well-conducted intelligence service, the functions of espionage and policy influence are kept sharply apart. The reason for this is obvious. The job of the spy is to procure intelligence. He cannot jeopardize this role by taking positions on policy questions which might attract interest and rouse suspicion. That is why actual members of the Soviet espionage apparatus were almost certainly under orders *not* to contend for pro-Soviet positions in policy discussions. A floater like Harry White might do this; but not an agent like Alger Hiss.

This fact reduces the importance of the actual positions which the Communists held. "I can imagine no better way," Chambers writes, "to convey the secret power of the Communist Party in the domestic policies of the United States Government" than to list the posts held by the members of his underground group. I can imagine a number of better ways. One of them

(*Continued on page* 39)

Bald Eagle

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

ALONE with the mountain of the sea,
Solitary by the sun,
The bird that has been empires
Knows his time has well-nigh run.

Chaldea, Assyria, and Rome
Shaped their conquests by his beak,
And the Christian martyrs aped him,
The quiet and the terrible meek.

Shape that was nearest to God's,
He drifts now in a godless space,
Godhead gone from his vast wings,
The lightning from his wind-thin face.

Last of nature's giant broods,
Dinosaur, mammoth, mastodon,
He arches his unwanted power
Over a world where small ones spawn.

He sees the fish-hawk lift the fish,
Dives, and takes it from him there,
And sails back to calm into his blue
Empire of the endless air.

Forgive him the death in his clenched claws,
Forgive him the fierceness in his eyes,
Have mercy on the ancient error
That beauty was great strength and size.

Forgive him for his amber eyes
That see through oceans far below,
For his daring to live so high
Sails of great ships are flakes of snow.

For the little time is left
He lives on cruelty as he must,
Knowing that when his white head bows
The last of the crowns will fall to dust.

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1. Mr. Chambers's Descent Into Hell

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

Author of "Manhattan Transfer," "U.S.A.," and other novels.

John Dos Passos

IT'S not St. Augustine or Rousseau or Cellini; it is not one of the very great autobiographies because it lacks their passionate zest for life in all its diverse and varied forms. But among the testimonials of the suffering spirit of man I think the book will stand high, somewhere between Dostoievsky's "The Possessed" and the narratives of the adventures of the light within like "Pilgrim's Progress" and George Fox's "Journal" that abound in the literature of seventeenth-century England. Amid all the hysterics that have characterized American writing during the last few years this is the only book I have seen that really penetrates into those depths where every man, in the agony of solitude, has at last to make his decision. No wonder Chambers keeps quoting the last line of Dante's "Inferno." It is the story of a descent into hell.

That there is something uplifting in the prospect of the immensity of pain that the human soul can contain is one of the great paradoxes that make life supportable. The appalling part of the book to me was the landscape that formed itself in my mind as a background to the gnawing agonies of the narrative; a landscape with figures of a society dedicated to its own destruction. How can it be that in a few short years we have sunk so low? A society or a nation has some aspects of a living organism. We all know that a living organism that fails to react to danger is sick or dying. The questions raised in the mind by the moral lynching of Whittaker Chambers by the right-thinking people of this country are so grave and urgent that a man breaks out in a cold sweat to think of them. Can it be that the "liberals" who control communications in the press and the radio and the schools and the colleges in this country have already crawled under the yoke of the Communist Party? I mean in spirit. We know they are not dues-paying members. Or has an immensely clever propaganda machine been able to make them dupes of a sinister hoax? Anyone who has heard the rumors being circulated right now in journalistic circles to the discredit of Robert Vogeler, the American businessman arrested and framed by the Hungarian Communists, will be struck by their similarity to the rumors circulated about Whittaker Chambers. It is likely that both smear-campaigns have the same origin. There is nothing appalling in the fact that Communist party members should continually try to discredit people who have turned against them or who have escaped from their dungeons. If they can't be eliminated physically, slander is the most convenient weapon. But what shall we say of the right-thinking men and women, of the men and women of position and education who repeat these slanders without investigating their origins and who refuse, in the light of all the evidence, to recognize the existence of a conspiracy of assassins bent on the destruction of the right-thinking liberals, as much as on the destruction of the rest of us? The day that this mystery becomes clear, the day when this strange delusion is swept out of the public mind, as was the deportations delirium that arose in another "liberal" regime, that day we will be able to go to bed secure in the thought that if the United States is doomed by forces of history too great for us to overcome, at least we will go down fighting.

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2. "A Long Work of Fiction"

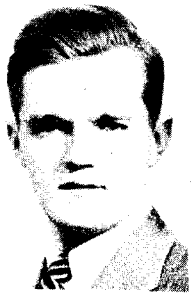
By CHARLES ALAN WRIGHT

Assistant Professor of Law at the Univ. of Minnesota, author of a controversial review of the Hiss trial in the Minnesota Law Journal.

IN the minds of most people, all doubt as to the innocence or guilt of Alger Hiss came to an end when the jury in the second Hiss trial brought in a verdict of guilty. The public and much of the press, taking it as an article of faith that the jury verdict represents ultimate immutable Truth, have combined to ridicule those in whose minds there still remains doubt, and to pillory those who refuse to turn their backs on Alger Hiss.

I do not share this blind faith in juries. I think Hiss is innocent. And I am sure that if the verdict was right and he *is* guilty, it is the purest chance that the jury guessed the correct answer. A good way to see how the jury could go astray is to compare the trial record with accounts written at the time by top newspaper reporters. Time and again such accounts show that these men failed to understand important testimony. If with all their training the reporters couldn't grasp intricate evidence, how could the untrained jurors be expected to do better?

One of the most fundamental problems in a case of this sort is that, for all our fine legal doctrine to the contrary, in fact the burden of proof was on Hiss to prove his innocence, rather than on the Government to prove him guilty. Further, we seem deliberately to make it as difficult as possible for a jury to reach a rational verdict. We forbid taking notes by jurors, we deny them a copy of the trial record when they enter upon their deliberations. But perhaps these hobbles placed on the jury should come as no surprise in a society which takes pride in the image of Justice wearing a blindfold.



Charles Alan Wright

After reading this book, I am convinced that Mr. Chambers is the author of one of longest works of fiction of the year. The tip-off about the book is that it is too persuasive—on close examination it becomes obvious that the author is not a detached teller of truth but rather a pitchman seeking to put across a bill of goods.

It is a too-well-scrubbed Chambers who is depicted here. Many of the lies, eccentricities, and immoralities in his past are forgotten, which hardly fits in with the air of complete candor the book tries so hard to convey. At the same time his "enemies"—i.e., anyone who doesn't believe his story—are pictured as either snobs or Communists. In this connection he manages to damn such people as Justice Frankfurter and Dr. Carl Binger by an ingenious guilt-by-remote-association technique which stops just short of the libel laws.

Another giveaway about this book is that Chambers, like the queen in Hamlet's play, protests his innocence too much. In doing so he displays a remarkable attitude toward evidence. On

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the one hand he is fond of referring to mysterious unnamed witnesses who have confirmed his story, although, regrettably, they have never given their testimony in public. On the other hand, real honest-to-goodness testimony which the public can study is treated in a peculiar manner. An example is Chambers's account of a trip to Peterborough, N. H., which was thoroughly disproven at the trial. The author makes the astonishing statement that the proven discrepancies in his tale show he was telling the truth, since "obviously, if I had been lying, I would have taken care to contrive a better story. . . ." This is not the only example of this wonderful heads-I-win tails-you-lose approach.

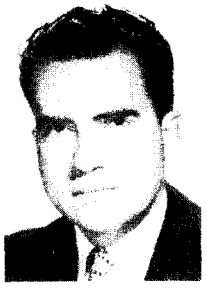
The trouble with a book that tries to explain away unfavorable evidence is that it can't explain evidence which comes to view after the book is written. Chambers's claim that he hired his colored maid on the suggestion of his landlady looks ridiculous in the light of the recent affidavit by a relative of the landlady that Chambers had no maid when he was living in the apartment in question. And of course this book went to press too soon for him to explain away the scientific testimony which Hiss's attorneys have recently gathered, demonstrating that the State Department documents were not typed on the old Hiss typewriter, and that they were not stored away for ten years in the manner Chambers claims.

Whittaker Chambers does give in this book a very moving and heartening account of his return to religion, and of the comfort he has found in his new faith. Perhaps, then, he will not take amiss the suggestion that he would do well to study the Ninth Commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness. . . ."

3. *Plea for an Anti-Communist Faith*

By **RICHARD M. NIXON**

United States Senator from California, formerly member of the House Un-American Activities Committee, which first probed the Hiss case.



Richard M. Nixon

IT IS regrettable that appraisal of "Witness" will in too many cases be determined not on the basis of its literary merit but according to the bias each reader may have on the Hiss - Chambers controversy. I can hear now the epithets which will be directed against it in the drawing rooms, around the dinner tables, and during the cocktail hours among the "better people" —"too emotional," "long and repetitious," "one of those anti-Communist things." After all, "how could anything good come from that fat, repulsive little creature who said those terrible things about a 100 per cent certified gentleman, Alger Hiss?"

But recognizing that mine will probably be a minority view and one that will be subject to the charge of prejudice, I say that "Witness" is a great book, and that the verdict of history will find it so.

"Witness" does a number of things well.

It is an amazingly accurate account of what happened during the Congressional "red herring" investigation of the Hiss Case.

It is a moving and stirring story of a dramatic conflict between two powerful and determined personalities—Hiss and Chambers.

It sheds a withering light on the netherworld of deceit, subversion, and espionage which is the Communist conspiracy.

It is a detective thriller of the first order.

If it did only these things "Witness" would be a significant book. But its greatness is derived from the fact that it answers the great question presented by the Hiss Case—Why? For five years I have been bombarded by that question all over the country. Why did Hiss do it? Why do people with good backgrounds and excellent educations become Communists in the first place?

How often have I heard my friends in the business and professional world give their own superficial answers to these questions: he must have done it for money; he did it for power; he lied to protect someone else; anyone who becomes a Communist must have been queer and unstable to begin with.

Never can they bring themselves to admit the truth—that Hiss did what he did because he was a Communist, and that despite his background he became convinced that the Communist ideology offered a better solution to the problems which face our civilization than our own system. Once he became convinced that this was the case he was willing to do anything, engage in espionage, run the risk of disgrace for himself and his family, in order to impose the Communist tyranny upon us and all the free peoples of the world.

It is here that Chambers renders his greatest service. "Witness" is the first book of its kind which acknowledges the great hold of Communism on the human mind—which does not dismiss it as a cellar conspiracy which can be abolished by police methods. Communism is evil because it denies God and defies man. "Man without God is a beast," says Chambers. "Never more beastly than when he is most intelligent about his beastliness." But evil though it is, Communism has a tremendously malignant and potent appeal all over the world and right here in the United States.

This, then is the lesson for us—that men become Communists out of the best of motives and some of them cease to be Communists for the same motives once they learn that those who accept the pernicious doctrine of the end justifying the means will inevitably find that the means become the end.

And "Witness" goes further. It pleads eloquently and effectively for a counter-faith to combat the Communist idea—a faith based not on materialism but on a recognition of God. "Political freedom as the Western world knows it," Chambers says, "is only a political reading of the Bible. Without freedom the soul dies. Without the soul, there is no justification for freedom."

There is much more that I would like to say about the book, but I would not want to end this comment without saying a word about the author. I know Whittaker Chambers well. During the early months of the investigation I had the same doubts about his story that many have even today. I felt it was essential to resolve those doubts before going forward with the investigation because to allow a fraud to be perpetrated upon the Committee would not only be a great wrong to Hiss and the others named by Chambers but it would be a death blow to effective and necessary investigation of the Communist conspiracy in the United States.

What kind of man is Chambers? How can one have any respect for a man who admits that he didn't tell the whole story the first time he appeared before the Committee? My answer is

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not one in justification but in extenuation. Is it not better to tell the whole truth in the end than to refuse as Hiss did to tell the truth at all? Is it not better to be one who has been a Communist than one who may still be one? After all, Chambers could have kept silent like the rest. He would still have his job with *Time* and the conspiracy of which he was a member would have remained unexposed.

Before I read "Witness" I had formed some opinions of its author based upon my personal acquaintanceship with him. He was a brilliant man. He was a shy man. He was a deeply religious man. In his treatment of his wife, Esther, and his two fine children, John and Ellen, I observed that he, himself, exhibited those traits which he said Alger Hiss possessed, "a man of great simplicity, and a great gentleness and sweetness of character." But above all, I was convinced that here was a man who showed the greatness that was in him by his willingness to risk his job, his reputation, even his liberty to right the wrong which he had done to his country, by exposing the conspiracy he helped to create.

My reading of "Witness" confirmed that judgment.

4. *Chambers's Litmus Paper Test*

By RICHARD B. MORRIS

Professor of American History at Columbia University, author of the forthcoming "Fair Trial: Thirteen Who Were Accused from Anne Hutchinson to Alger Hiss."

Richard B. Morris

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS has keyed his introspective story to Horatio's exhortation to the ghost: "If thou art privy to thy country's fate, which, happily, foreknowing may avoid, O speak —." Like Lanny Budd, Chambers somehow managed to have a personal impact at key moments in the history of our times. Yet it is this very tendency to melodramatize his own role which betrays him into unbalanced and even grossly unfair judgments.

Central to his case is his reiterated, but undocumented, assertion that the New Deal was a creeping revolution and that at its basic point, "the shift of power from business to government," the New Deal and Communism "were at one." Without batting an eye he quotes the fantastic comment of a close friend, an ardent New Dealer, who knew his story. "I see why it might not pay the Communists to kill you at this point," his confidant remarked. "But I don't see how the Administration dares to leave you alive." The implied assumption that there is no moral or ethical difference between the Soviet gangsters and terrorists connected with Chambers's lurid past and the associates and supporters of Franklin D. Roosevelt cannot go unchallenged.

Despite a veneer of intellectualism, Chambers is a man of emotions. His social views appear to have been shaped by fortuitous slights. He never forgot how, when he was laying streetcar rails in Washington, a laughing lout leaned out of an open car window and squirted tobacco juice on him. Now he was "a target for any grossness from above" and was fortified in his Communist faith. Nor did he forget the fancied affront he received from FDR when the busy chief executive failed to give credence to the story Chambers had told Adolf A. Berle. "With astonishment," he admits, "I took my first hard look at the New Deal." What he saw then was not an administration which by decisive action had saved the banking structure of the nation, introduced basic economic and social welfare measures which no subsequent administration is likely to have the temerity to undo, and successfully directed America's participation in a global war. "What I hit was the forces of that great Socialist revolution, which, in the name of liberalism, spasmodically, incompletely, somewhat formlessly, but always in the same direction, has been inching its ice cap over the nation for two decades. This is not a charge. . . . It is a statement of fact." Hence, why bother to prove it?

Chambers has a litmus paper test which works infallibly. Those who doubt any part of his story, criticize Congressional hearing procedures, or insist that an accused in a criminal trial must be proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt are subversives, party-liners, and capable of "barehanded rascality." "I never had any real friend," Chambers confesses at one point. That explains why he simply refuses to accept at face value the conduct of two Supreme Court justices and a Secretary of State in standing up for a friend. To Chambers the implications of such behavior are "deep-going," for, as he sees it, Alger Hiss was so closely identified with those who had advanced him "that they could not tell his breed from their own." Without an iota of proof he insistently reiterates the charge that Hiss remained a member of the Communist Party down to 1948 and adversely influenced American policy not only on exceptional occasions like Yalta "but in what must have been the staggering sum of day-to-day decisions." There was nothing in the trial record to support this. In fact, none of the documents Chambers submitted in evidence postdate April 1938. Yet elsewhere, in a more realistic mood, he admits "that political espionage was a magnificent waste of time and effort" because "the secrets of foreign offices are notoriously overrated."

In the last analysis, Chambers's experience must be viewed as personal and isolated. Most young men of his day managed to weather the economic and psychological insecurity of the Depression (he joined the Party in 1925, four years before the crash) without joining subversive groups or committing espionage, and without reaching Chambers's pessimistic view of man and human progress. The fact is that nothing in Chambers's past prepared him for normal loyalties or stable relationships. His family had no social or community ties. His grandmother, who went around the house brandishing a carving knife, wound up in an asylum; his grandfather was an alcoholic reprobate; his father was unfaithful to his mother; his brother's suicide, which seems to have been the end result of a minor slight at college, had a profound impact upon Whittaker. He himself made an unsuccessful attempt at "self-execution" (his own label) prior to the first Hiss trial. Yet his own autobiographical portrait is full rather than frank. Some of the more unpalatable personal facts have been omitted.

Chambers's curious flair for melodrama, demonstrated when he turned over the typed documents but held on to the pumpkin microfilm, is again revealed in this account. He insists that there is *another* witness. "At least, like Hamlet, I see a cherub, who sees one." Is this unwilling witness a creature of his literary imagination or some one whom he is shielding for reasons that are obscure? Let's have *all* the "evidence" now, Whittaker Chambers!

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Americana. *Year after year the Civil War, its battles and its personalities, continues to fascinate an astonishingly large segment of the reading public. While two analyses of Lincoln's military command—T. Harry Williams's "Lincoln and His Generals" and Kenneth P. Williams's "Lincoln Finds a General"—are being read as new books, an enterprising publisher has made available two fine older works previously hard to come by: C. R. Ballard's "Military Genius of Abraham Lincoln" and "The Memoirs of U. S. Grant" (page 18). Another side of the conflict is illuminated by Nina Brown Baker's portrait of a feminine warrior for sanitation in Army hospitals, "Cyclone in Calico" (page 16). A poor second in popular interest is the Revolutionary War, yet two new books on it are attracting attention: Alfred Hoyt Bill's "Valley Forge" (page 15) and Lynn Montross's "Rag, Tag and Bobtail" (page 16). Of all American businessmen, only one has become a legend: Henry Ford, subject of Garet Garrett's sprightly yet analytical "The Wild Wheel" (see below).*

Money, Mores & Millions

THE WILD WHEEL. By Garet Garrett. New York: Pantheon Books. 220 pp. $2.75.

By HAROLD U. FAULKNER

THE "theme" of this book, says Mr. Garrett in his last chapter, "was Laissez Faire, the subject was Henry Ford, and the idea was to illustrate the theme by means of the subject." It may be an exaggeration to describe the theme as laissez faire, but there is no doubt that the subject is Henry Ford. In brief, here is another book, and an excellent one, about Ford.

In the Twenties and Thirties probably no name in America was better known than that of Ford, and most Americans were acquainted, at least, with some of the main facts of his career. It was a story of how a farm boy with mechanical genius had built one of the early automobiles and, with the money of a few friends, had begun to manufacture them. Having finally established a cheap and practical car, he manufactured the same model for nineteen years, continually reducing the price, until at the end he was turning out 1,800,000 cars a year. They knew that this had been made possible by introducing and perfecting the assembly line, and that in 1914 he had established a minimum wage of five dollars a day and in succeeding years had continued to raise wages. Not only had he vastly widened the range of car owners but he had done all this without falling into the toils of Wall Street.

They also knew something of his curious vagaries in the field of politics and social science. They remembered his effort to stop the war by sailing to Europe in his peace ship, his swallowing of anti-Semitism hook, line, and sinker, his ignorance of history, and his suit against the *Chicago Tribune* for calling him an ignoramus. They eventually became acquainted with his rough labor policy and his half-hearted efforts to enter politics. They learned of his interest in folk dancing and of his collection of old-time Americana at Greenfield Village. Says Garrett:

—*Culver Service.*

Henry Ford—"better production."

"The man who had said history was bunk, not knowing any better, came to be fascinated by any object that had a history, so long as it was something he could touch. Current time claimed his mind and the future his imagination, but his heart belonged to the past." He was the man who had done as much as anyone to end the past.

These items, along with the ubiquitous Ford stories, kept the interest high, but the public knew little more. It was possible to learn more, for Samuel Crowther wrote three books about him filled with quotations from the great mechanic, and more recently the psychologist, Keith Seward, has published an excellent study. Even Harry Bennett, who in Ford's senile days acted as his Gestapo, has written a book. It is doubtful, however, if all of these books and other efforts to explain Ford have done better than Mr. Garrett in making clear the philosophy, the intuitive mechanical ability, and the vast ignorance, as well as the anachronisms in the life of America's last billionaire. Ford took the skill out of work and put it into planning, management, and tool building. He abhorred the scientist and expert, for his operations, he said, "are always directed by men who have no previous knowledge of the subject and therefore have not had a chance to get on really familiar terms with the impossible."

He hated unions because they committed the unforgivable sin of interfering with the machine and running it at less than full capacity. Profits concerned him little; the consumer was his objective. The narrow capitalist and trade unionist, he believed, had the same point of view. Said he: "They differ only on who is to have the loot." The benefit of better production belonged to the public, he thought, and high wages were more important to business than to labor. The author's discussion of Ford and his philosophy is clear, comprehensive, and quite objective.

If Mr. Garrett had omitted the last chapter, his book would have been a better one. An economist or an historian can question almost every sentence. He talks of laissez faire, when no such economic condition ever existed. If relatively there was more of it in the nineteenth century, it was rapidly breaking down by the time Ford came into his own. Laissez faire did not beget "the richest world that ever existed"; there were innumerable other factors. Moreover, it was not "betrayed by its friends." It had broken down and it was impossible to preserve much that was left of it. Certain aspects of laissez faire had to end to maintain an economic society.

Harold U. Faulkner, author of many volumes on the social and economic history of the United States, is professor of history at Smith College.

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Washington's Agony

VALLEY FORGE: The Making of An Army. By Alfred Hoyt Bill. New York: Harper & Bros. 259 pp. $3.75.

By WILLARD M. WALLACE

THE story of the American Revolution, that most uncertain of our wars, has been told many times, but there are chinks still needing to be filled in. Mr. Bill's study takes care of one of them very satisfactorily. Until the appearance of his book, no one had adequately considered the problem of how it was that the slovenly Continental units which struggled so bravely, but seemingly so futilely, on the Pennsylvania battlefields in 1777 could march, deploy, and fight with great skill, thereafter, whether at Monmouth where, but for General Charles Lee, they might have decisively defeated Sir Henry Clinton, or at Yorktown where they helped bring Lord Cornwallis to heel.

Written with insight, lucidity, and a deft touch that makes the book a joy to read, "Valley Forge" is concerned with the transformation of Continental troops into a mobile, hard-hitting army possessing both discipline and confidence. Mr. Bill gives full credit to Baron von Steuben for regulating discipline, organization, and training tactics. At the same time, Mr. Bill realizes that training alone does not make a truly effective army, certainly not an American army; the raw material—"the ore," as he calls it—must be available with which to work. And the ore was there. Though it lost at the Brandywine and again in the fog at Germantown, the Continental Army had given a sufficiently good account of itself that General Howe dared not attack it in its entrenchments at Whitemarsh in the fall. Instead, Howe returned to Philadelphia with the catcalls of the Continentals ringing derisively in his ears.

Then came Valley Forge and the tempering of the ore into fine steel. Though unattractive, the location was highly defensible, and the winter itself proved nowhere near so severe as the two succeeding ones. What, therefore, made the experience so miserable? For one thing, the machinations of officers and politicians who wished to displace Washington, or to limit his authority, seriously impaired morale, particularly among officers loyal to the Commander-in-Chief. Disease was also a factor, flaring up for want of medicines, and adequate knowledge of medical science and military sanitation. Worse still, however, was the suffering caused by lack of food and clothing. Mr. Bill points out the needlessness of this anguish since supplies of these necessities were plentiful but not available to the army owing to faulty organization of the quartermaster department, contractors' prices, and carelessness on the part of drivers. Local farmers, moreover, preferred British gold to Continental scrip.

But, despite hardships, this army refused to despair. It even kept its sense of humor, as soldiers' diaries abundantly testify. Though the desertion rate was high, nine-tenths of the faint-hearted were not native Americans but former British soldiers or recent immigrants. Ultimately, with the passing of the command crisis, the appointment of the efficient Greene as quartermaster general, and the arrival of the ebullient Von Steuben to take over training duties, the army developed a strong *esprit*. By spring, officers and men had shivered, hungered, and trained together, and knew one another's worth.

June brought what Mr. Bill terms "The Proof of the Forge." He sees this most clearly evidenced in the battle of Monmouth where Washington sought to engage Clinton on his way to New York after evacuating Philadelphia. Misled by Lee, the Continentals refused to fall into panic; and the performance of the army thereafter was altogether admirable. For the rest of the war, the Continental Army, though never large, knew and valued its own competence.

Though Mr. Bill tells his story well, certain points on content and method bear mention. Brandywine was a far worse defeat than Mr. Bill indicates. In fact, the battle just missed being a near-disaster, and the cheerfulness of Washington's report to Congress has the forced quality of whistling in the dark. The crises in the commissary and quartermaster departments need further attention, not in their results, which Mr. Bill describes effectively, but in their causes, which were mainly the fault of Congress, the men it had appointed, and the operational methods employed by the departments. Finally there is a complete absence of documentation to the book. While laymen will likely not be disturbed by this, scholars may well wish that Mr. Bill had cited evidence for his statements on an issue so controversial as, for example, the so-called Conway Cabal. But these are minor criticisms and in no way detract from the general excellence of Mr. Bill's study.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Lafayette and Washington at Valley Forge—"officers and men had shivered."

Willard M. Wallace is the author of "Appeal to Arms: A Military History of the American Revolution."

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Amateur Army

RAG, TAG AND BOBTAIL: The Story of the Continental Army, 1775-1783. By Lynn Montross. New York: Harper & Bros. 519 pp. $5.

By Curtis P. Nettels

WHEN Mr. Montross wrote "The Reluctant Rebels," his recent book on the Continental Congress, he had the benefit of a concentrated body of first-rate material. The "Journals" of the Congress had been published, and there was also available the outstanding collection of the letters of its members, in eight volumes, edited by Edmund C. Burnett. In addition, Dr. Burnett had written his detailed, comprehensive one-volume work, "The Continental Congress," which summarizes the fruits of his long study of the contemporary records. It was possible for a popularizer to use the findings of Dr. Burnett in such a way as to produce a book of moderate length, for the general reader with an interest in history.

In undertaking a somewhat comparable book on the Continental Army, Mr. Montross assigned himself a much more difficult task. No authority has produced a great reference work on that subject similar to Dr. Burnett's elaborate study of the Congress. Two important collections reveal the workings of the Army in much the same manner that the inner story of the Congress is told in the "Journals" and in Burnett's "Letters." Of the Fitzpatrick edition of "The Writings of George Washington," twenty-three volumes are devoted to the subject of Mr. Montross's book. The other great collection, about two hundred massive volumes, consists of the unpublished papers of Washington in the Library of Congress. Mr. Montross has not used either of these indispensable bodies of material. Perhaps a work comparable to Burnett's "The Continental Congress" will be available after the sixth volume of Douglas S. Freeman's "George Washington" is published. It seems that Mr. Montross's book went to press before the third and fourth volumes of the Freeman biography had appeared.

The title of the book need not be taken literally. The subtitle leads one to look for a fairly inclusive account of the main features of the Army. The book is not exactly that. Most of it is devoted to narratives of the leading campaigns and battles. Inserted therein are bits of information about the officers and the troops and the conditions of army life. The emphasis on military actions led to a broadening of the scope so as to embrace the British army, its problems, its movements, and its generals. Raids on the frontier are mentioned, though they involved civilians—not the Army. The German mercenaries receive some attention. Even British politics gets into the story.

Lynn Montross—"another item."

The book does not present connected discussions of the most interesting questions about the Army. How was it affected by the primitive economy of the thirteen states, as regards production, transportation, and foreign trade? What were the large strategic considerations, and what factors determined them? How did the Army function in relation to Congress, the state governments, and the state militias? How was it supplied with the sinews of war? How competent were its leaders, and who were the most accomplished generals?

The index indicates that Washington is the most important figure in the book; yet there is no direct appraisal of his generalship or of his services as an administrator or as a political leader. Incidentally, the index contains forty-seven entries relating to Washington. Two of them are in error; and there are in the text seventy-eight references to the General that are not cited in the index.

As an account of the Continental Army, Mr. Montross's book is sorely inadequate. It simply adds another item to the long list of sketches of the military history of the Revolution.

Curtis P. Nettels, professor of American history at Cornell University, is the author of "George Washington and American Independence."

The Urge to Heal

CYCLONE IN CALICO. By Nina Brown Baker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 278 pp. $3.50.

By Marguerite Clark

THE Civil War was not yet sixty days old when Mary Ann Bickerdyke first charged into the Union Army Camp at Cairo, Ill. The forty-four-year old widow, an uneducated farm woman who practised in Galesburg as a "botanic physician," had been authorized by the townfolk to carry $500 worth of medical supplies to the Galesburg boys stationed there.

None of these or other Illinois troops had been wounded in battle. Yet at Cairo, Galesburg soldiers and those from all over the state were dying by the hundreds of dysentery, pneumonia, typhoid, and other diseases. In poorly-equipped hospital tents, they lay on filthy straw pallets; they were fed the regular Army rations of salt pork, hardtack, beans, and coffee. The only nurses were convalescent soldiers, most of them too feeble to aid their helpless brothers. The Army doctors were indifferent to the plight of the sick; their job was to care for the battle-wounded.

"No women in quarters" was the Army regulation. Undaunted, the strong-jawed Mrs. Bickerdyke assured the Galesburg citizens: "I'll go to Cairo and clean things up . . . them generals ain't going to stop me." Armed with a one-day pass, she invaded the miserable hospital tent. Before the sunset gun, she had bathed the patients in tubs made of old sugar casks, deloused them, put them in clean clothes between clean sheets on clean straw beds, and fed them fried chicken, lightbread, and blackberry jam brought from home.

So began the career of the first military nurse in the United States, the determined Illinois woman whose experiences are described with historical and medical accuracy, humor, and sympathy in Mrs. Baker's book. The second day in camp, Mother Bickerdyke discovered five other hospitals in the Cairo area, all dirtier than the first. One by one, she swept through them, "making herself a blessing to the patients and a nuisance to the Army surgeons."

Enraged at her interference, one prominent surgeon complained to the commandant that a "cyclone in calico" had turned his hospital upside down.

Marguerite Clark is medicine editor of Newsweek.

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To him, and to other army officials who tried to oust her, Mrs. Bickerdyke had one reply: "I'm here to stay as long as the men need me. If anybody goes from here, it will be you. I'm going straight to General Grant." Later, Grant did appoint her matron of the new Cairo military hospital, but with no medical authority. In Washington, the Army Nurses Corps was being organized by Dorothea Linde Dix, but Mary Ann Bickerdyke had no time for formal nursing training. When her fame spread to the United States Sanitary Commission (forerunner of the Red Cross), she was made a field agent of that organization. But even the simple red tape of the Commission irked the busy nurse. "Orders again!" she sniffed during a visit to the Chicago office. "You'd think this was the Army. I get enough of that foolishness down South."

When the real fighting began, Mrs. Bickerdyke moved along with the Western armies. Riding in a light wagon, or mounted on her horse, Whitey, she set up hospitals, fed the boys before they went into battle, and worked in front-line dressing stations. When a colonel complained to General Sherman about her high-handed manner, Sherman replied: "You've picked the one person around here who outranks me. If you want to lodge a complaint against her, you'll have to talk to President Lincoln."

A medical authority at Fort Pickering tried to dispose of the indomitable woman by putting her in charge of the camp pesthouse. There for the first time, Mother Bickerdyke could practise "botanic medicine." Discarding calomel and laudunum, she dosed the men with black root and goldenseal, sassafrass tea and beet juice. She fed them fresh milk and vegetables, saw that they had fresh air, hot baths, and exercise. In those days there was no cure for smallpox; yet a surprisingly large number of patients recovered. With little scientific knowledge about vitamins and antisepsis, an illiterate woman practitioner used these methods a generation before they were known to general medicine.

Mrs. Bickerdyke came out of the Civil War at forty-nine. Successively, she managed a Home for the Friendless in Illinois, set up a hostel for discharged soldiers in Kansas, did social work in New York City, and fought for veterans' pensions in California. When she died in 1901 at the age of eighty-four, a statue was erected in the Galesburg square, showing Mother Bickerdyke kneeling beside a wounded soldier, holding a cup of water to his lips.

Words from the Seekers

LIVING PIONEERS: The Epic of the West by Those Who Lived It. Edited by Harold Preece. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 317 pp. $3.75.

By Walter Prescott Webb

THIS book is composed of fifteen narratives by fifteen people who have related their most thrilling experiences to the editor, Harold Preece. It is obvious that Mr. Preece has interpolated to give the stories dramatic effect and a form more literary than would be possible in a literal recording. Even so the separate contributions are of uneven merit as might be expected in such a compliation. The stories are grouped into four categories which indicate scope and subject matter. Though the categories are given fanciful titles, a little study will show that they deal with peace officers, cattle driving and herding, agricultural efforts in a new and inhospitable country, and Indians in a bellicose mood. The West treated is the region between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast, but the accent is on Texas, Oklahoma, and Arizona. Among the narrators are twelve men and three women, and significantly all women are placed in the "Patches and Plowshares" or farm section.

My first reaction to the book was not favorable because the author has omitted those features which would have made it more useful to historians and history students, such as a biographical sketch of each of the narrators, a more careful pinning down of places and dates, an index, and some illustrations. These omissions detract from the authenticity which is always valuable in any work of historical intent.

A closer examination of the sketches reveals real merit. For example, the first story concerns Ira Aten, the Texas Ranger who became famous when he was sent to Navarro County to stop fence-cutting in 1888. It was my good fortune to find in the Adjutant General's office in Austin the original letters Ira Aten wrote to Captain L. P. Sieker setting forth his experiences among the fence-cutters, and giving the details of his plan to plant dynamite bombs under the fences so that when the cutters went to work they would be blown up by the bombs. Captain Sieker immediately ordered Aten to desist, and with reluctance he did so. Of course it is known to all historians that official reports are often given special treatment to conceal some of the facts. However that may be, the story as told in the book, while agreeing with the official reports up to a certain point, goes farther and gives some rather lurid details of how the Ranger went back to Navarro under orders of the governor and set off all his planted bombs, some in the face of the cutters. If Ira Aten did this in 1888 there is no evidence of it in his official reports or in the contemporary newspapers.

Edith Wheeler's "My Chore Was

Walter Prescott Webb, professor of history at the University of Texas, is the author of "The Great Plains" and "The Texas Rangers."

—Bettmann Archive.

The Oklahoma land rush—"vivid, graphic, dramatic."

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Doctoring" is the remarkable story of a woman who ministered to the sick and ailing on the frontier with a fund of common sense which compensated for her lack of scientific knowledge.

Her very first experience came as a young bride when she insisted on setting and splinting the broken leg of one of the young couple's two horses. Later a neighbor girl fell off a mustang and broke an arm. "What worked for a horse worked for a girl. . . . When the doctor got there the next night, he thought I had been a pretty good bone-setter." Though the doctor, in the approved style of the fraternity, threatened to report her for practising without a license, he spread the word of her skill so that patients flocked to her and she found ways to treat them. She treated bronchitis with broomweed tea, which tasted bitter but put men back in the saddle. She treated Uncle Rufe Harper's skin cancer with an ointment made of sheep sorrel, making it extra strong with gunpowder. Uncle Rufe swore it burned like hell, but the cancer fell off. Burnt whiskey was for bleeding flux, and boiled pumpkin-seed tea for stomach worms. "It rumbled around the patient's insides so heavily that he felt as if his guts were coming out with the worms." Jerusalem oak syrup was a milder worm remedy, and was also good as a disinfectant and sure death to chicken lice and blue bugs. Whooping cough was taken as a matter of course, but Edith Wheeler noticed that with it children lost weight. She decided to keep up their strength, and prescribed mare's milk from a mare with a colt the same age as the young 'uns. "Everybody had plenty of mares and I had plenty of patients. I prescribed so much mare's milk that the colts began to look spindling and underfed. . . ." Tea made of dried linings from chicken gizzards was good for the bellyache. Spring tonic was made by pouring a quart of vinegar over a bucket of rusty nails or making tea from wild tansy. Skunk oil was good for rheumatism, but had objectionable features. She finally switched to rattlesnake oil which "was just as pain-relieving." This chapter is a gem and Edith Wheeler is too.

Billy McGinty's "Plow Fever" is the best description of the Oklahoma land rush of 1893 that I have ever read. It is vivid, graphic, dramatic, worth the price of the book. Billy reached his claim, but never got to farm it because a claim jumper got his land by filing papers by mail while Billy stood in line three days waiting his turn. But Billy made a good ride and in my opinion he has told a great story destined to thrill many readers.

Americana Notes

FAR CORNER: A Personal View of the Pacific Northwest. By Stewart H. Holbrook. Macmillan. $3.75. Early in this excellent book, Stewart Holbrook points out that the Pacific Northwest has no *Mayflower* "Our symbol comparable to the Mayflower," he writes, "is the Covered Wagon." Then he goes on to point out that the region now has a pioneer cult. Your ancestors must have arrived in the valley of the Columbia with one of the first wagon trains or you are only a fringe member of the cult.

Mr. Holbrook himself has no such snobbery in his makeup. He merely is proud that he can number himself among the "first million" to settle in Oregon, a state where now the population totals 1,520,000. A transplanted New Englander, he has a sharp eye for the foibles, fancies, and frailties of his adopted region. He arrived originally in British Columbia, and he believes to this day that he owned the only derby hat in that vast Canadian province in 1923.

Holbrook is not concerned with the politics and economics of the Northwest. He will not argue about freight rates, but he can spin for hours fascinating tales of the hobo army which rides the brake beams through the mountains. You will not strike fire from him by discussing Tory Senators or left-wing mayors, but he keeps a card catalogue of the comparative alcoholic capacities of the area's leading statesmen from 1900 onward. No one in the states of the Far West can rival him in the field of Americana.

"Far Corner" has no special theme. It just contains tales and stories and narratives which have won the attention of Holbrook during his thirty years of residence in Oregon. These incidents are sure to interest the average reader, for Stewart Holbrook has a propensity for knowing what will keep the typical book reader away from his beauty rest on any night of the year.

"Far Corner" tells of crank socialists who founded colonies in the wilderness, of Communist dreamers who wanted the Northwest set aside for production for use, of unclothed Dukhobors agitating the Mounties in British Columbia, of Opal Whitely, who bewitched an austere editor of the *Atlantic Monthly.*

These stories are creamed with color and vitality, largely because Stewart Holbrook is a man of color and vitality. If he writes many more books like this, making the Pacific Northwest so alluring and attractive, the influx of newcomers will accelerate

Stewart Holbrook—"foibles, fancies."

even more rapidly than it has hitherto. Then he will have to search for some other frontier to settle among the first million.

—JAMES W. GOODSELL.

THE MILITARY GENIUS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Brigadier-General Colin R. Ballard. World. $5. Published in England in 1926, this superb little book is making its first United States appearance. It urges the same theses as an American book published earlier this year, T. Harry Williams's "Lincoln and His Generals"—namely, that Lincoln was forced by his responsibilities and despite his temperament to exercise strategic control over the Union armies from first to last, that he was a great strategist and, when he received support from his subordinates, a successful one. The differences in the books result from different aims.

Brigadier Ballard's work is a first-rate study of the strategic problems and progress of the Civil War; he avoids discussing the personalities and politics involved except when (as in the case of McClellan) personal crotchets critically affected the action. On the other hand, Williams's book is designed for the general reader, so that in the course of proving his point he reviews much material that can readily be found elsewhere. This means that, to me, Ballard's is the more valuable book; for, after all, in the vast literature of the Civil War books for the general reader can be found on every tree. A book which does not examine one aspect of the war, but attempts to synthesize the whole situation, may give the impression of clarity—but it is the clarity

(*Continued on page* 48)

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GBS Enters Heaven (?)

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

SCENE: *The after-world. Thoreau is seated quietly on a pumpkin. To Mozartian strains the ectoplasmic form of Bernard Shaw is taking shape. Before it has become recognizable he begins to speak.*

Shaw (*triumphantly*): I talk, therefore I am. But let no one seize this occasion to tell me that I was wrong about Eternity. With my usual perceptiveness I realized it before anyone else had the gumption to do so; with my usual frankness I admit it at once. The truth of the matter is that simple honesty has always been my chief distinction though no doubt the angelic hosts will take up the babble about my paradoxes and my brilliance, instead.

Nevertheless, I am disappointed. I had hoped that the Life Force had used me up. What I want is to be thrown into the dustbin. If necessary I will consent to spend a few eons in the contemplation and ecstacy appropriate to an ancient. But on all the Dominions, Principalities, and Powers I hereby serve notice. I will *not* explain anything further to them or to anyone else. Besides, it ought to be evident to the meanest intelligence not befuddled by romantic nonsense about Music, Beauty, and the other excuses for parasitic idleness that what the angels really need is an honest day's work—something which will give them the sense of being used for a noble purpose. (*He is struck by a sudden doubt.*) The atmosphere here is distressingly suggestive of the third act of "Man and Superman"—(*to Thoreau*) this isn't by any chance Hell, is it?

Thoreau: I have never taken the trouble to ask. Whatever it is, it suits me very well. One world at a time, you know.

Shaw: A surprisingly sensible remark. It is what the churches forgot when they made the simple common sense of Jesus an excuse for shirking their responsibilities. You must be that American backwoodsman who caught a glimpse of the truth and then lost sight of it among the trees. Marx would have made a man of you.

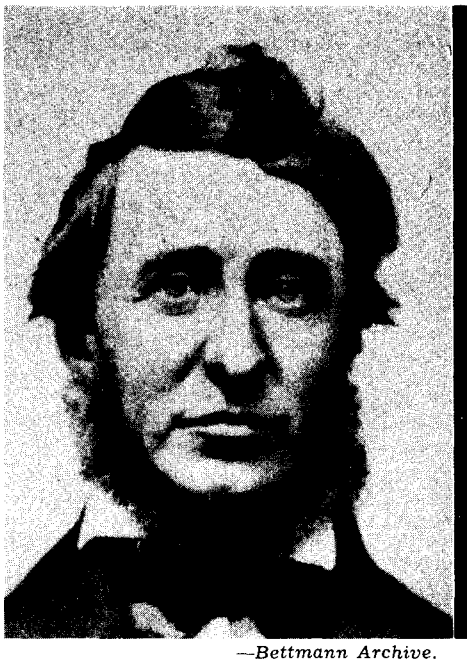
Thoreau: I never doubted that I was one—except perhaps when I saw too many men about me. This Marx, I suppose, was one of those reformers who would have too benevolently insisted upon doing for me what I had much rather do for myself.

Shaw: Marx was the greatest mind between John Bunyan and me. Of course, he was wrong about many simple things, the real nature of rent for example. What is even more important, he never made it clear that there is no contradiction whatever between economic determinism and Lamarckian free will. Thus, the only trouble with the poor is poverty, while at the same time the only trouble with the poor and the rich alike is their failure to realize that man can make of himself whatever he has the will to become. But I explained all that in plays which Shakespeare would have written if he had not, unfortunately, been born brainless. Nevertheless, I owe much to Marx, and because I have no foolish pride in the fact that the Life Force happened to make me its chosen instrument, I acknowledge the debt.

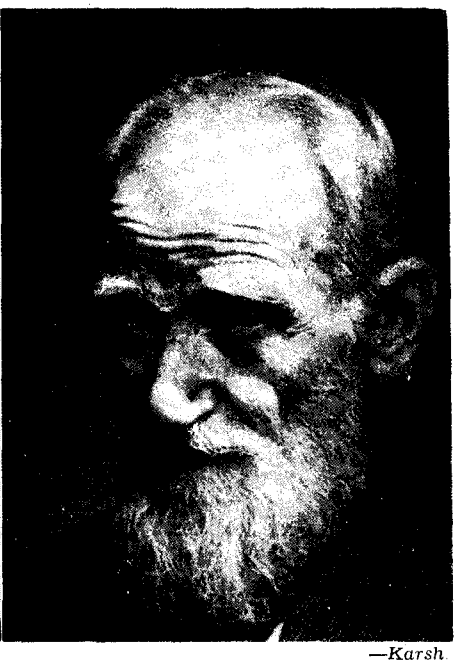
Thoreau: I find that I got along very well without him. He could not have told me how to spend an afternoon. That, like every other really important thing, I had to learn for myself, not from my elders or my contemporaries, from whom I never heard one sensible piece of advice. Since the seventeenth century there have been no really manly writers in the line of Homer and Shakespeare. They all use words like "determinism" and "evolutionary"—words which have a paralysis in their tails. As for rent, I know well enough what *that* is. It is the tribute one man pays to another for doing for him what he would have better done for himself—build a house, for example. To what a sorry pass has this division of labor led us! The mass of men slavishly do things not worth doing in order to escape the opportunity of leading their own lives. Every man for himself, say I! Even the devil won't want the hindmost.

Shaw: Would you tear down the Brooklyn Bridge and let every man carry his own plank? That is the only logical alternative to Communism.

Thoreau: I did not know that there was a Brooklyn Bridge. But it does not surprise me. No doubt there will some day be an Atlantic Bridge and a Pacific Bridge too. But it will not be a good thing. How many dismal days will have been spent in slavery just to pay for what most would be better without! As for carrying your own plank, I can easily imagine a man worse employed. Besides, most men need do nothing of the sort. They



—Bettmann Archive.



—Karsh

Thoreau to GBS: "You died without ever knowing that you had lived."

Joseph Wood Krutch, Brander Matthews professor of dramatic literature at Columbia, is author of a biography of Thoreau among many other books.

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would be better off staying on their own side of the river.

Shaw: You almost persuade me to go on all fours. Even Voltaire—despite his dirty little mind—saw that this is what all the babble about simplicity would logically come down to. Man can go up or he can go down. The Life Force says "Go Up." For my part I am with it. What you call simplicity is only the inefficient, romanticized. Life is a great deal simpler with bridges and sewers than without them. They help free men for nobler work.

Thoreau: I have not often seen them engaged upon any. Noble is not the term I should apply to what I saw of men's daily labors when I was so unfortunate as to visit New York or Boston. They seemed busier—and busy to less purpose—than Minot, the farmer of Concord. For all I know the Indian before the white man came may have known better than either how to live. I was a writer, and I learned more from woodchucks and snapping turtles than I did from my most civilized neighbors.

Shaw: The ghosts of dead ideas still haunt the regions of the blest! I would never have dreamed that even Hell could be so far behind the times. But writers have always been half sage, half fool. They do not even know which side their bread is buttered on. Most of them have some silly hankering after anarchy instead of realizing that the only hope for any kind of artist is a society so thoroughly organized and regimented that he can always earn a living by three hours of brainless, robot labor like machine-tending and then have twice that long left over to write his books and paint his pictures. Until Socialism has achieved that for him he will remain the begging, borrowing, stealing, self-pitying parasite he is at present.

Thoreau: Three hours of robot labor per day would be more than I could stand, and it is far more than I had to force myself to perform. Besides, and as I would have known, I was dead long before this utopia of yours could come about. I remember an acquaintance who devoted himself to accumulating money in the hope of getting enough to enable him to become a poet. I told him that he should have gone up to the garret at once. That is what I did. If other men were sensible they would do the same.

Shaw: Like nearly every other artist who has ever lived, you were a parasite and not ashamed to be one. You took advantage of a security and a stability which others had established. A world full of Thoreaus is unthinkable.

Thoreau: There is no danger of that; there were never even two. As for taking advantage of the society I found, I did it exactly as I took advantage of the sun and rain, the earth and water. How I should have conducted my life on some other planet I do not know, but I think I would have managed. God sent me into a peculiar world, and I took my principal business to be to live in it—be it good or bad. That was at least a better way of spending my time than dreaming of different and impossible ones. I consider myself remarkably fortunate, and I was certainly remarkably happy.

Shaw: Are you so besotted as to think *that* important? Happiness and Beauty are by-products. I was too busy to ask whether or not I was happy. That must mean that I was.

Thoreau: On the contrary, it must mean that you died without ever knowing that you had lived. I feared I might do that but I escaped it.

Shaw: I very much doubt that you did. One must live before one can know that one has. Contemplation will be for those who have grown older than Methuselah. Three score and ten is too short a span to be wasted in idleness. Come to think of it, four score and thirteen is not so very much longer. But I did make a beginning.

Thoreau: I died at forty-five. One year would have been enough. But ten thousand would not have been too many.

Shaw: You are more extraordinary than I thought. I doubt if any man before you was ever so wrong twice in two successive sentences. One year would not have been enough because as the world grows more complicated, there are more and more things that must be learned. Ten thousand would have been too many because if the Life Force is to satisfy

Ballad of Cliches

By Mary Ballard Duryee

THE warp and woof, the tangled skein,
The give and take, the ebb and flow,
Are fetters in an endless chain—
I craved a simple yes or no;
But now to ease the parting blow
Two double scotches will release
The tension, if you'll stoop so low,
My lovely Conversation Piece.

Were you intrigued by brawn or brain?
Were you in search of driven snow?
What was your line? I made it plain
I couldn't bat for Romeo;
Great oaks from little acorns grow
And geese are swans and swans are geese,
So bottoms up, for weal or woe,
My lovely Conversation Piece.

Air-minded? Why not hop a plane?
One kiss beneath the mistletoe;
Go Pullman if you like a train,
Young love is arduous, I know,
My mother always told me so,
The Sitwells, Spender, Frost, Macneice
Agree with her, so comme il faut,
My lovely Conversation Piece.

Princess, you're vain and foolish though
I hate to see your folly cease,
Blinded by tears I watch you go,
My lovely Conversation Piece.

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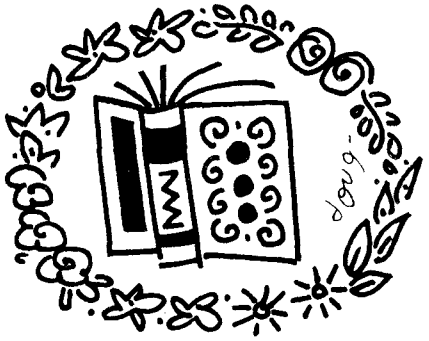

her passion for improvement she cannot permit the earth to become too cluttered with her discarded experiments.

Thoreau: He who has not learned all that is really important by the time he is twenty will never learn it. Even I forgot much that I had known very well in my youth.

Shaw: You were merely putting away childish things and had not the wit to know that dreams are well exchanged for realities.

Thoreau: And do you really think that you really know what the most important realities really are? From all you have said so far I doubt that you do.

Shaw: I know that growth and change are real. I know that neither human life nor human society is what it will become. As Nietzsche—another of Life's unsuccessful attempts to create me—proclaimed, "Man is something which must be surpassed."

Thoreau: If man could once understand the unspeakable truth about himself and the equally unspeakable truth about the world of nature in which he lives then there would be no need for him to surpass either himself or it.

Shaw: All my doubts are resolved! Only in Hell could a man utter such blasphemies against the Holy Ghost—an old name for the Life Force—and not be incontinently blasted. But I solemnly warn the Prince of Darkness that I have no intention of spending Eternity in happiness and contentment. I will *not* become a romantic lover or a musical amateur. Even in the infernal regions there must be a borough council in need of a clerk. And if this Choctaw here is a typical specimen of the citizenry, then the affairs of hell must be in a hellish state. (*He rushes vigorously off left to a flourish of trombones. Thoreau remains exactly where he was—on a pumpkin.*)

Fiction. *Thanks to William Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell, Margaret Mitchell, and scores of other novelists less celebrated, the mores of the Southern town are familiar to readers all over the world. It is not easy for a new writer to find something to say about them that has not been said often before or a fresh way to say it; but at least Charles Mills competently chronicles a hundred years of a small Georgia town in "The Alexandrians" (below), an outstanding novel in a season like the present when luster is so lacking. . . . The many Americans who have been discovering another South—that of Africa—through the novels of Alan Paton, Elizabeth Charlotte Webster, Doris Lessing, and Daphne Rooke will be pleased to listen to another gifted voice from that continent, Nadine Gordimer, author of "The Soft Voice of the Serpent" (page 22). . . . The hero of J. R. Ullman's "Windom's Way" (page 23) may remind many of the Burma surgeon, Dr. Gordon Seagraves.*

Silent Senses of the South

THE ALEXANDRIANS. By Charles Mills. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 675 pp. $4.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

NOT many recent novels about the South have escaped the odor of magnolia and Scarlet O'Hara as successfully as Charles Mills's chronicle of a small Georgia town between 1839 and 1939. Alexandria's women are not particularly glamorous and her men are more excited by morals and money than by mint juleps. The "good old darkies" are rarely in evidence and, though there are sections labeled 1861, 1914, and 1939, the wars that mark these dates are not as notable as the fact that the town goes on much as usual. In other words, "The Alexandrians" presents the major rather than the dramatic concerns of a small Southern town.

Like that of most communities, Alexandria's history centers about the most uncommon of its common people. There is Francis Stewart, who kills John McNeill in a duel, conceals it, and becomes a success; Bruce Warren, whose twentieth-century ancestor tries to unite the settlers' descendants in a revolt against the Yankee, Hartman, who has come to control the town's business. Most importantly there is Anna Anderson Redding, daughter of the most admirable of the founders, the most integral preserver of the community original standards, and still alive when the town celebrates its centenary.

Like the ordinary citizens of Alexandria, these extraordinary ones are mostly concerned with the usual affairs that make up most lives. Of course unusual events occur: the duel already mentioned, rather frequent adulteries, an unusual quantity of suicides. But mainly it is business, getting adjusted to natural deaths, deciding what is and isn't honorable, discovering what religion best adjusts you to the universe, that "The Alexandrians" emphasizes. The multiplicity of dreamers, gossipers, close business men, plain-speaking and reticent women, Southerners who have descended a long way from their original code of honor-above-money and those who have kept the faith, make one feel this small town is not so small after all.

Indeed, that is the trouble with this honest and unpretentious novel. Patiently read, it tells a great deal more about what the South was really like than "Gone with the Wind" and it deserves praise for not emphasizing events that read well and represent inaccurately. But there are too many characters too little in focus, as in a graduation picture of a high school class you never knew. Emotional identification is rarely possible.

Yet it is good to read a novel of such measured realism. Anna Anderson Redding, her grandson John, who continues her tradition of high probity, the acquisitive, unhappily adjusted Hartman, Miss Volly who plays Bach and Beethoven and fools fools, Annie who is beautiful and cold and unhappy, the bookseller who bought the books he hadn't read rather than those that would sell—these are the stuff small towns are made of. If "The Alexandrians," like most books of the season, can make little claim to greatness, it can claim legitimately that it illuminates our understanding of both the South and the nature of small communities everywhere.

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African Smiles

THE SOFT VOICE OF THE SERPENT. By Nadine Gordimer. New York: Simon & Schuster. 244 pp. $3.50.

By JOHN BARKHAM

TO THE chorus of eloquent voices emerging from South Africa, add a new one, that of Nadine Gordimer. It is a fast growing chorus. Paton, Lessing, Rooke, Van der Post, and now Gordimer—until a few years ago none of these names was known here; but they have begun to speak and their voice is heard in the land. They will be heard from again, especially Nadine Gordimer.

This flowering of talent in a remote outpost of civilization is, of course, no accident. South African literature, both English and Afrikaans, is reacting impressively to two tremendous stimuli. Afrikaans writing (unknown outside South Africa) proudly and poetically reflects the Afrikaner's reconquest of his native land. And the English writers mirror their helpless compassion for the oppressed and their anxiety over the strife which rends their beloved country. To this latter group belongs Miss Gordimer.

Readers who seek in these score or so tales any direct reflection of the headlines will not find them there. Miss Gordimer is a subtle writer who makes her points delicately and obliquely. A beach interlude with an Indian fisherman, as in "The Catch," will indirectly tell you as much about the color bar in South Africa as any editorial. A young couple (white, of course) grow to admire an Indian fisherman who has landed a big fish. Driving into the city later, they offer him a lift. The presence of other white passengers suddenly makes them conscious of his color—and therefore of his "inferiority."

Nadine Gordimer—"a subtle writer."

But most of these stories are not even remotely concerned with headline types or affairs; rather with the happiness and disappointments of daily living. Anyone who has lived in South Africa, as this reviewer has done, will recognize the accuracy of Miss Gordimer's types, the validity of her situations, and the acuteness of her perception. This is South Africa as it really is, not as it is painted for this purpose or that.

Easily the best story in the book is "A Watcher of the Dead," an account of a family death and its attendant ceremony that is a marvel of selective detail and artistic sensibility. But each of these tales will strike its own chord of significance. Some readers may see in the agonized penal official of "Another Part of the Sky" a figure not unlike that of Alan Paton, who, as head of the Diepkloof Reformatory, must in the past had found himself in situations just like this. Others will undoubtedly admire the author's apt use of symbolism, as in her juxtaposition of a legless locust with a legless man. (The insect also had wings.)

Not all of Miss Gordimer's stories come off, but her batting average is high. "The Defeated" might have been a poignant study of the unbridgeable gap between the first two generations of immigrant Jews, but the point is blunted by the over-coolness of the narrative style. Nor is the author sufficiently emotional in handling the incipient love affair that climaxes "The Hour and the Years."

But these are minor blemishes in what amounts to an unusually impressive debut. Miss Gordimer has elected to make herself known to the American public through a medium at once demanding and ungrateful. She comes through triumphantly. South Africa has a new and exciting interpreter.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 466

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 466 will be found in the next issue.

LDLFAGNBCK MCOCRQC BH

GPOLC SRF TPKCBSBELCG.

—GPEBGMH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 465

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs of stupid starers and loud huzzas.

—A. POPE.

Manic Gloom

WISE BLOOD. By Flannery O'Connor. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 232 pp. $3.

By OLIVER LAFARGE

THE trick of achieving satire and humor through turning values inside out and describing the most outrageous behavior and ideas with complete calmness is not as easy as one would think. Grotesques, to hold interest, must be extra convincing, and there is danger that outrageousness will turn into mere sordidness. Also, a continuous succession of bizarre actions can become as dull as any other form of repetition.

Edgar Mittelholzer pulled the trick off remarkably well in "Shadows Move Among Them." He has there accepted behavior that ordinarily one would violently reject; yet he, with his fine sense of humor, occasionally failed.

Miss O'Connor has taken up this device with a vengeance. Her story is built around a fanatic who believes that there is no Christ, no redemption, and no soul, and who goes about preaching this doctrine with complete dedication. There are possibilities in the idea, but they are not realized, for one reason, because the individual is so repulsive that one cannot become interested in him.

This individual, "Haze," is surrounded by a supporting cast that ranges from imbecility to viciousness. The result is inevitably a gloomy tale. The author tries to lighten it with humor, but unfortunately her idea of humor is almost exclusively variations on the pratfall. If a character carries an umbrella, the umbrella collapses; if he walks in the aisle of a train, he falls over someone.

Neither satire nor humor is achieved. Perhaps it was only the blurb-writer's idea that it was intended. Perhaps Miss Flannery's aim was a savage and bitter study of the nethermost depths of a small town, with special reference to the viciousness of itinerant preachers. Savage she certainly manages to be.

Two incidents involving policemen indicate the nature of the whole book. In one, a policeman learns that Haze has no driver's license, so he whimsically pushes Haze's jalopy over a cliff. Later, when Haze is blind, deathly ill, and, as far as I can make out, completely insane, he disappears in a storm and an alarm is sent out for him. Two policemen find him in a ditch, barely alive, so one of them clubs him over the head, killing him. At least this policeman does the reader the service of terminating a story which has long since become sheer monotony.

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Reigning Duet

COLONEL JULIAN AND OTHER STORIES. By H. E. Bates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 240 pp. $3.

By Dunham Curtis

UNFORTUNATELY, and not surprisingly, H. E. Bates's popular reputation in this country and, to a somewhat lesser extent, in his native England, is based upon his mediocre later novels in which sex, violence, and exotic background are exploited palatably and unprofoundly. This is regrettable because Mr. Bates is, in such early novels as "Catherine Foster" and in most of the thirteen volumes of short stories he has published since 1926, both a skilled craftsman and a man who presents important experience significantly.

Most of his most recent collection, "Colonel Julian and Other Stories," concerns inarticulate and thwarted men and women who find life more perplexing than pleasurable. The illiterate Tom Richards, who trusts even those who take advantage of him; Joe Johnson, who is unable to understand why his love is unreturned and blames the "caterpillarists"; the girl called Peter, who is treated like a man by her father and the men she would like to be loved by—these are typical Bates characters. Nothing overdramatic happens: Joe Johnson follows a girl around and is cast aside, Peter almost acts like a woman with a man she meets casually. Yet the little that happens suggests whole lifetimes.

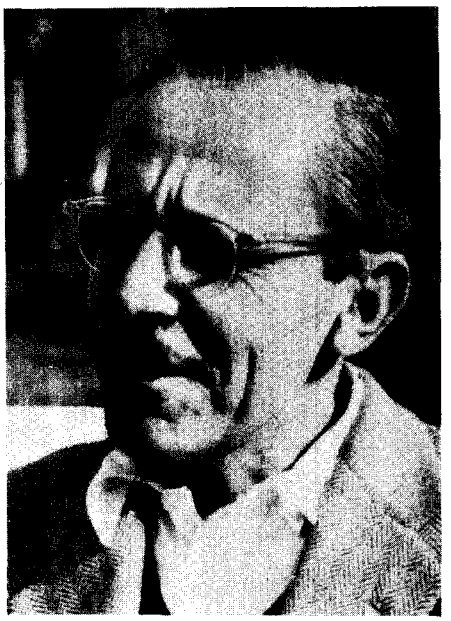
Not all the stories are tragic. Those who remember the earlier "My Uncle Silas" will be delighted to meet him again in "The Bedfordshire Clanger," as good a tall tale as Mr. Bates has ever produced. "Mrs. Vincent" is a short and mordant satire of a complacent Anglo-Indian while "The Lighthouse" and "No More the Nightingales" are at least partially happy stories of liberation from sexual repression that recall some of the best work of D. H. Lawrence.

But the best stories bring only the sad cheer that comes from understanding better the unhappy. "A Christmas Song" poignantly evokes the life of a sensitive girl forced to live among the vulgar. "The Major of Hussars," about an old army officer with three sets of teeth and a young bitch of a wife, admirably represents the pathos of a situation that appears to be becoming increasingly usual.

Probably the most penetrating of all the stories is "Colonel Julian." It consists largely of a conversation between the eighty-three-year-old colonel and a young aviator he tries to understand. Without the interposition of the author or any forcing of the situation, its thirteen pages reveal a great deal about the nature of war, soldiers of the oldest and latest generation, and the disease wartime flying can become. Like all excellent short stories, it is a novel suggested, an epiphany.

Although there are two inferior stories, "Sugar for the Horse" and "Time Expired," this is an excellent collection, far more worth reading than most of Mr. Bates's own or of most other writers' novels. By a style that is spare and vivid, through plots that are usually both inevitable and arresting, Mr. Bates deepens our understanding of people we should know more about.

H. E. Bates—"sex and violence."



James Ramsey Ullman—"a tropical storm."

Savage Unrest

WINDOM'S WAY. By James Ramsey Ullman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 286 pp. $3.

By Charles Lee

MR. ULLMAN'S eloquent new novel, June selection of the Literary Guild, asks the reader whether he looks at the world geopolitically or humanly, whether he assesses it in terms of heartlands or heart. It is a thesis novel, written out of yesterday's and tomorrow's headlines. But it is a tribute to the author's fine narrative skill that his ideological passion comes alive in terms of action and people. It is a book of emotions, not of oratory.

The scene is the village of Papaan, located in a remote jungle valley in Southeast Asia. There, Alec Windom, a middle-aged American doctor who is a fugitive from cafe society and a frivolous wife, works with a quiet and satisfying purpose in a teak and stucco hospital converted from an old, one-story Catholic mission. Once a Park Avenue specialist, Windom is now a country doctor, happy in his service, busy as a teased monkey, and delighted with a gentle and exotic community where the sun rises "like a yellow eye burning level across the world."

Then, with the suddenness of a tropical storm, the peace of Papaan is broken. The men of the village, under the leadership of Jan Vidal, demand of the authorities that run the rubber plantation as well as the local government, the right to grow rice on company land. The request is denied. Rubber is more important than rice, says the manager, global strategy takes precedence over local hunger, the white man's securities are more urgent than the empty food bowls of "gooks."

Windom's energetic attempts to solve the conflict in terms of people rather than policy and politics is complicated by unexpected personal problems: first, by the appearance of his beautiful and repentant wife, and second, by the realization that his appealing Eurasian nurse, Jan's sister, is in love with him.

Tension mounts in the little village of bamboo and thatch huts, and finally, despite Windom's strenuous efforts, violence erupts. How his wife figures in the ironic climax, how the Communists prosper in the midst of terror and turmoil, and how Windom's "way" is at once condemned and confirmed in a bitter yet not hopeless conclusion

(*Continued on page 43*)

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The Saturday Review

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A Case for the Copy Editor's Pencil

NOT long since in the columns of this magazine Jacques Barzun very forcefully and feelingly admonished the future on the subject of the prose writing which by the year 4000 will constitute a great part of the literary remains of our epoch. The texts of these works, he says, "are nearly all corrupt. They are deliberately garbled." He goes on to elaborate this statement by describing in detail the editorial mauling to which a manuscript is subjected in the course of its preparation for the press. What the author has painfully and carefully written is, he asserts, warped from its original state by the narrow-minded adherence of a presumptuous and often ill-equipped copy editor (young women fresh out of college are the principal target of his attack) to rules of spelling, punctuation, and styling and to the dictates of her own taste. Such mayhem is comitted without the writer's knowledge or consent.

Now, undoubtedly it is true that the writer knows better than anyone else what he wishes to say, so that if only his ability to express what he has to impart equalled his certainty of what he desires to convey, all would be well. But the best of thinkers and most ingenious of scholars are often maladroit writers and unable to see or correct the shortcomings of their own style. There is such a thing as bettering a writer's composition without destroying the intactness of his text; sometimes punctuation will do it, sometimes the insertion of a preposition, sometimes the transposition of a clause or phrase. It would be a pity if a valuable book or article were to lose its fullest impact because it is regarded as unpermissible violence to make the slightest change in its manner. And, Mr. Barzun to the contrary, one does not have to be able to tell a passage from Burton from one by Sir Thomas Browne, or be familiar with Herbert Read or Ernest Weekley (not Ernest Weekly, as Mr. Barzun writes), to be able to recognize good style.

Mr. Barzun, as it happens, is a writer of unusual competence; he has an easy and felicitous manner which lends charm to whatever he writes, whether it be biography or history, a discussion of education or merely a book review. He is a meticulous scholar and a careful stylist whose breaches of the canons of rhetoric, if and when they occur, are deliberately planned. He needs no editing and quite understandably resents it in his own case. But unfortunately not all writers are of Mr. Barzun's calibre and even the most distinguished of scholars or journalists or novelists can be inept or obscure in phraseology.

SOMEONE in an editorial office—not the incompetent young copy editor Mr. Barzun pictures but someone with skill and knowledge—ought to supply what the author lacks so long as his emendations go no further than obvious grammatical mistakes and glaring awkwardness or obscurity. Mr. Barzun, we know, is specifically contending against changes made without the author's consent, but the implications of his article go far beyond that—against belief that the editor's revision may be better than the author's version. Writing so well himself, he fails to realize how infrequent is such grace as his own and how often authors belie their own capacities in their inability to give them proper expression. It is a truism of every editorial office, for instance, that scientists and economists, with many distinguished exceptions, are inept writers, and that slight changes in their manuscripts which involve style, not meaning, can be made greatly to their advantage. Should these not be made by the editor if the author is incompetent to make them himself?

No one, as a general rule, is as ill-fitted to see the shortcomings of his work as the author himself. He has lived with it so long, is so imbued with his mental projection of it, has written and rewritten and polished it so often that he has lost perspective upon it. A fresh eye will see what he cannot see. Here is where the skill of the superior editor comes into play, in the ability which Mr. Barzun himself applauds "to shepherd work in progress." More of it would improve the general run of our literature. Book after book comes from the press which cries aloud for blue pencilling, from which great chunks ought to have been cut, which would have profited by minor shifts of incident or emphasis (and undoubtedly again and again editors have striven for such correction in vain). To this, in all probability Mr. Barzun would have no objection, for it would be worked out in closest conjunction between author and editor. But a case can be made for a little more leniency than he shows toward minor corrections, even by minor editors, in the vast mass of writing which has not as high quality as his own. —A. L.

A Bronze Statuette of Kwan-Yin

(The Chinese Goddess of Mercy)

By Charles Wharton Stork

LOOK at her, calm and benign,
Her little hand raised to bless!
She seems not so much divine
As a model of courtliness,

With her smooth hair built in a pile,
Plump cheeks and birdwing brows,
Full lips hinting a smile,
But no more than good taste allows.

The silken grace of her gown,
Casual and yet discreet,
Looping so amply down,
Enfolds her from breast to feet.

Lady, whatever our creed,
We trust you with heart and mind.
How, to our anguished need,
Can you ever be less than kind?

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Which and That

SIR: May I say how much I have been enlightened and entertained by the numerous letters that your readers felt impelled to write to you and to me about my article on copy-editing ["The Greater Garble," *SR* Apr. 12]? Quite a few professional writers exclaimed: "You must have had dealings with *my* publisher!"—which shows how nearly universal are the practices I assailed.

But I am not writing now to reiterate my point or rebut any advanced against it. I am concerned solely with a matter of fact which has to do with "which" and "that," and which I consider important as a sign of what happens in a culture that thinks and acts a good deal at second-hand.

In his letter to you, Mr. Rudolph Flesch pretends to correct my assertion that Fowler *suggested* the observance of a distinction in the use of "which" and "that." My critic maintains that Fowler is not suggesting anything but codifying the immemorial law of English usage. I reply by quoting Fowler, omitting only passages that explain or amplify without changing the tenor of the text:

> THAT. What grammarians say should be has perhaps less influence on what shall be than even the more modest realize; . . . And yet the temptation to show how better use might have been made of the material to hand is sometimes irresistible. The English relatives . . . have come to us from our forefathers as an odd jumble. . . . Perhaps the line of improvement lies in clearer differentiation between *that* and *which*, and restoration of *that* to the place from which, in print, it tends to be ousted. . . . Some there are who follow this principle now; but it would be idle to pretend that it is the practice either of most or of the best writers.

This, surely, is Fowler modestly hinting a change, not pointing out an error. When he discusses WHICH, he recurs to the tentative character of his remarks:

> Let it be stated broadly . . . : *which* is appropriate to non-defining and *that* to defining clauses. . . . To substitute [the one for the other], if the principles maintained in this book are correct, would be a change for the worse; and roughly speaking the erroneous uses (if they are so) . . . are traceable, etc.

No lexicographer can be clearer or more scrupulous about marking the difference between his proposal and the accepted practice. But Fowler goes even farther and makes room for exceptions to his own scheme whenever required by "custom, euphony, or convenience." Fowler's suggestion, then, is admirable and deserves to be followed in the same intelligent way as it was offered.

By the same token it gives no warrant for establishing a rule mechanically enforceable by office boys or girls—much less for the primitive zeal which misreads Fowler and rectifies *that which* does not need it.

JACQUES BARZUN.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I'm too old to do any more helter-skelter stuff. I've settled down as Trotsky's assistant."

"Zapata" Again

SIR: Hollis Alpert's keen review of "Viva Zapata" [*SR* Feb. 9], though critical, was more than generous to the Steinbeck-Kazan slicked-up interpretation of the great agrarian leader and his times.

It seems unworthy of the talented Mr. Kazan [LETTERS, *SR* Apr. 5] to resort to the McCarthy technique of branding critics as dupes of the Communist Party line. Because the Communists have created a false picture of Zapata for propaganda purposes, we are not thereby required to accept this romanticized propaganda version, which so grossly distorts historical facts, the realities of the Mexican upheaval, and the texture of Mexican life.

According to Kazan, the authors "created" Fernando, the intellectual, to typify Communist duplicity and treachery in order to get power and keep it. Why introduce this absurd stereotype utterly devoid of Mexican savor? I have known nearly all the Mexican intellectuals, honest or dishonest, who attached themselves to this or that armed leader, and Fernando corresponds to none of them. Furthermore, the intellectual advisers of Zapata are well-known, and I have met all of them. The phony papier-mâché Fernando seems unwarranted even by box-office considerations.

The posterlike portraits of Madero, Huerta, and Villa are little better than caricatures. The meetings between them and Zapata as portrayed in the film scarcely correspond to the numerous eye-witness accounts or to any recognizable Mexican pattern of behavior. Imagine, if you can, those blood-and-iron generals, Villa and Zapata, engulfed in a violent, treacherous, revolutionary situation, acting like schoolboys at a Nebraska church picnic. One need not have attended such reunions, as I have done, and observed the vanity, patterned formality, and intricate psychological interplay of friendliness and antipathy, to know that what the film shows is faked nonsense. It would take too long to enumerate the situations and conversations which, except for landscape and costumes (frequently far from authentic), could have taken place in Shangri-la but scarcely in Mexico.

The crux of the Steinbeck Zapata, according to Kazan, is Zapata's "renunciation of power" rather than his basic drive for land reform. Even the virile Zapata slogans are twisted into stuffed-shirt banalities in line with this absurd concept. However, Zapata committed no such gross betrayal of his followers.

But Kazan writes: "In the moment of victory he turned his back on power. In that moment in the capital . . . he could have made himself president, dictator, caudillo. Instead, abruptly and without explanation he rode back to his village." This simply is not true. He was in a trap with powerful armies closing in on him. To the east was the army of Carranza. West and south was the army of Gonzalez. Coming down from the north was the superbly equipped, disciplined army of Obregón. Zapata was outnumbered ten to one, and when he rode out of the National Palace that last time, rifle fire and artillery were already shaking

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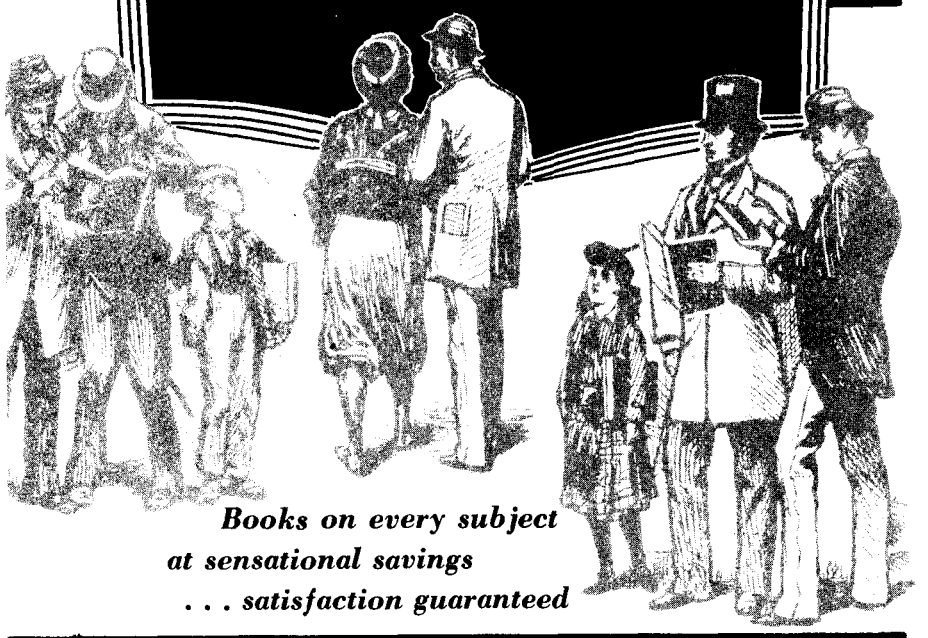

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Mexico City. He was caught in a bloody last-ditch battle on the edge of the Pedregal and lost two thousand men. For three years he tried his darndest to recapture Mexico City, and, until a few months before his betrayal and death, the Zapatista watchfires blazed every night within sight of the National Palace of Mexico City. But Mr. Kazan writes, "Power corrodes. And so Zapata refused power." What sort of eye-wash is this?

I have ridden with the men of Morelos for months on end, slept on their straw mats, eaten their tortillas and chile and know the stuff of which they are made. The epic story of Zapata—good and evil, wisdom and cruelty and ignorant superstition, wives and concubines, and his steadfast fight for land reform—cannot be told as a propaganda piece either for or against Communism, or by making his stark, primitive career into a cream-puff of Gandhi hocus-pocus for school-boy platitudes about democracy and teenage symbolism of a white horse. "Viva Zapata" does not match up with the magnificent material available and shows little comprehension of the psychology, *dignidad*, etiquette, or emotions of life-and-blood Mexicans. Behind this facade of arty technical perfection and this plaster-saint treatment is a refined corrosion that I imagine Zapata himself would be the first to reject.

CARLETON BEALS.

Guilford, Conn.

SIR: I was very interested to read Mr. Beals's letter. I've always had a high regard for him and read what he had to say with great respect. Actually, John Steinbeck and not I should answer it, but John is in Europe. John wrote the script, and the research, which was extensive, was done under his direction.

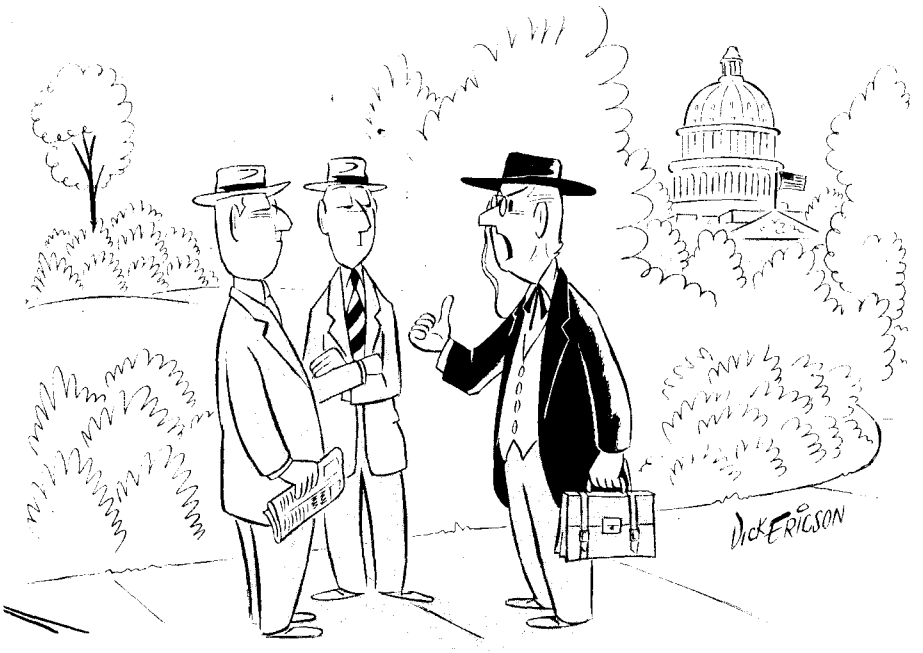
I did read most of the research, however, and made two visits to Morelos, talking there with eye-witnesses. I found enormous variance between accounts—those, for example, of the circumstances under which Zapata left the capital. I never did hear the version Mr. Beals tells. It was always that Zapata left suddenly and mysteriously, completely under his own steam and for reasons of his own.

Last week I had a letter from a lady who lived for some time in Cuernavaca. I hope she won't mind my quoting:

> And I was told by those I do not doubt to have been eye-witnesses, why he retreated after capturing the Capitol. It was the typewriters. I believe this to be absolutely true. He conquered the city, vanquished rivals, contenders, occupied the government offices, and there faced modern equipment for the manipulation of law and order. He did not know how to go on. The rows and rows of typewriters decided his retreat.

Still another version! And just human enough to have truth in it.

After I finished the picture last August I came back to New York and one of the first people I talked to was another authority. This man had not eaten their tortillas and chile (although I talked to an amazing number who had), but he had been brought up in the state of Morelos during Zapata's years. His comment to me was:



"I can tell you plenty about *him*. Come on inside where we can have a little quiet and immunity."

"I'm just waiting to see how you will whitewash that no good bandit son of a ————!"

As I say, John Steinbeck did the research, but I remember he commented again and again that there were as many versions of each incident as there were eye-witnesses and cousins of eye-witnesses. And beyond the problem of which version to choose, he had the job of compressing a portrait of this man into a two-hour dramatization. The problem, that is, was finally a technical one as well as historical.

John had to make choices and he made them with an eye to implementing his interpretation. He has as much right to do this as any man. He knows Mexico intimately and did a really thorough study of Zapata. Another man might have made other choices and emphases with an eye to his interpretation. I thought John's angle had great value for our thinking today, and I was proud to direct it.

We both thought the final picture had faults. Mr. Beals points some out. Neither John Steinbeck nor I were satisfied with Fernando. Not the actor's fault either. But for Mr. Beals to suggest, as he does, that there is no basis for such a character is just not accurate. The politico who switched sides and helped hunt down the man he had until recently followed is a most familiar and even characteristic figure in Mexican history.

I thought our portraits of Madero and Huerta brief but quite good. As for the texture of Mexican life, that *is* my department. I know we could have done better if we had been permitted to photograph the picture in Mexico. But under the circumstances I must say I thought we did exceptionally well. Mr. Beals certainly can't accuse our film of looking like a travel folder. I must except, without having seen it, "Los Olvidados," but all other films of that country, and especially the native ones, look like "Visit Sunny Mexico." Did Mr. Beals really think our job romanticized? My, he's a stern critic! I thought we caught something pretty real: the stoniness, the harshness, the poverty! And no Madonnas, no filter clouds, no horizon silhouettes!

Finally, I had no intention of equating Hollis Alpert's review with that of the *Worker*. I respect Mr. Alpert's review. The purpose of my other letter was to describe the curious and interesting political pressures under which the picture was made.

ELIA KAZAN.

Sandy Hook, Conn.

Rediscovered Nietzsche

SIR: May I, as the daughter of the late Dr. Oscar Levy, editor of the authorized English translation of Nietzsche's works, be allowed to comment on the correspondence printed in your columns on the subject of the recently published book "My Sister and I," by Friedrich Nietzsche" (Seven Sirens Press), and thereby answer the doubts raised in the minds of a great number of readers in the United States and in other countries—indeed "the whole world" according to Margaret Meehan of the Seven Sirens Press (cf. her letter, *SR* Apr. 5).

The whole evidence concerning the authenticity of the text is based on the introduction "by Oscar Levy" containing the extraordinary history of the manuscript, and "Oscar Levy's" claim that it is a genuine work, that he translated and annotated it.

None of this is true. My father never wrote the introduction, he never translated, annotated, or knew this fantastic and clumsy concoction of nonsense here published as a text of Nietzsche's. He never knew or communicated with the publishers, nor did he "deliver the work" to them as Margaret Meehan alleges in her letter to you. The book, it will be found, contains only four lines of interest and consequence, namely the following "Publisher's Postscript" (p. 17): "As the date on the title-page of 'My Sister and I' shows, the publishers had to wait many years before it was safe to offer it to the world—a whole four years after Dr. Levy's death."

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Safe? Not as safe as they thought. For not only are there numerous intelligent and faithful friends capable enough to expose this shameless fraud, but both my mother, Mrs. Frieda Levy, who typed all my father's correspondence and manuscripts since 1908 and I, who lived and worked in closest collaboration with him for over twenty years until his death, are still able to defend his name against defamation and forgery of this sort.

The introduction bristles with quite elementary mistakes and inaccuracies which would alone suffice to rule out my father's authorship (for instance those concerning the chronology of Nietzsche's works). The style, too, is, thank heaven! entirely unlike his. I shall not abuse the hospitality of your columns by quoting these mistakes in detail, though I am looking forward to doing so at the appropriate moment and place.

As to "Nietzsche's" text itself, those sentences not stolen from the philosopher's known texts and from other authors are as authentic as the introduction. . . . Anyone familiar with the numerous exact and reliable accounts of Nietzsche's existence after his breakdown (I need only mention the letters of his mother to Overbeck) knows that he was quite incapable of writing coherently between 1889 and his death in 1900. It is, indeed, a measure of the real author's nature that he should besmirch this great tragedy in the history of human thought with this ludicrous and obscene travesty of Nietzsche's mind and style, and that he should attempt to cover his traces by the fraudulent use of the revered name of my father.

I sincerely trust that through your columns this letter will reach as many readers of the book as possible and that it will clear the minds and allay the doubts of those who were taken in or confused by this fraud.

" 'My Sister and I' is Nietzsche or nothing," according to Margaret Meehan. "Nothing" is a somewhat modest appraisal of such an enormity.

MAUD ROSENTHAL [née Levy].

Oxford, England.

"On Reading Reviews"

SIR: My hearty thanks to John Mason Brown for his unbiased and emphatic commentary [*SR* May 3] on review-writing from the points of view of author, critic, and playgoer.

Too often, the overcautious playgoer, in his concern to spare himself the ordeal of what is promised to be a complete waste of time and money on "mediocre" theatre, will accept without question the critic's comment as the word of God, and will allow the critic to determine his tastes for him. Doubtless, many a pleasurable moment and the memorable author's message have been lost on the conceited, hard-to-please critic who fails, or refuses, to see beyond his nose. However, I maintain that the fault lies largely with the playgoer who willingly accepts the critic's favorable or unfavorable comment, rather than discovers for himself, even for the sake of sheer curiosity, the values of the play in question.

ELEANOR FILOMIA.

Woodside, N. Y.

THE first two volumes of the revised, enlarged edition of Salo Wittmayer Baron's "A Social and Religious History of the Jews" (Columbia, $12.50) cover its subject from its beginnings to about 500 A. D. The history will probably run to five more volumes. One should note its title well: the objects of study are society and religion, the development of Jewish social and religious ideas, aspirations, and practices, in the Mosaic period, under kings and early prophets, in the first exile, during the Second Jewish Commonwealth, and throughout the later Diaspora. Dr. Baron takes the frame of his history and its chronology—as far as they are known—largely for granted; he alludes to great events without recounting them, to great characters without describing them. Primarily his work is for readers who are already at home in his subject, but it may be read with profit and enjoyment by anyone who has the patience to remedy lack of knowledge by reference to other books.

The extraordinary tale that unfolds is—to put it as simply as possible—that of a people who enter history with the belief that they have been chosen by God to accomplish a definite historic mission, and who continue to live, against all odds, by virtue of that belief. But there have to be adjustments of the ideal to meet reality, there have to be practical compromises, under Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Romans, and the Christian hierarchy. It is with these plastic developments of thought and action that Dr. Baron is chiefly concerned. During the first exile, for example, the Jews evolved "a whole new system of law and theology. While fully maintaining continuity with the previous intellectual revolution, they found new theoretical and practical implications for a nation without state and territory." During the later, seemingly interminable Diaspora the Jewish people, closing ranks "under its single-minded rabbinic leadership," drew powers of survival from the Talmud.

Dr. Baron's 200-odd pages of notes are a guide to the latest and best scholarship in his field; but, as he makes clear, the best of scholars are still in the dark regarding many minor and some major facts of Jewish history.

A reprint of the third edition (1930) of "A History of Persia," by Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes, has been imported from England by Macmillan (2 vols., $13). This is the work of an intelligent, studious, learned British soldier, who spent some twenty years in Persia prior to 1914. His narrative method is direct, his style laconic. He has a soldier's eye for battles and campaigns; and to warfare, of necessity, a large portion of his work is given. Necessarily, too, much of it is only an enumeration of rulers, royal crimes, and names unknown to all but specialists. For this, however, the historian can hardly be blamed. But one can wish that he had more often risen from the surface of his narrative to take a broad view of his subject, instead of being content to walk at an even military pace among its multitudinous facts.

W. F. REDDAWAY, on the other hand, does take a broad view in "A History of Europe 1715-1814." This is the fourth volume of "Methuen's History of Medieval and Modern Europe" to be reissued here by Barnes & Noble ($6). Its period is one of history's "greats." It is also exceedingly crowded and complex. Mr. Reddaway surveys it regally, with comprehension and insight, often clinching his points with memorable phrases. I have spoken before [*SR* Nov. 24, 1951] of his occasionally eccentric syntax. It is present again in this volume, sometimes resulting in ambiguity, but it does not affect the worth, vigor, or readability of his history.

The third, revised, rewritten edition of Theodosius Dobzhansky's "Genetics and the Origin of Species" (Columbia, $5) is an authoritative explanation of evolution by a famous geneticist and professor of zoology, who holds that "Mendelian populations, rather than individuals, are the units of natural selection and adaptation"; that the genotype is the vital factor in an evolutionary process that is always opportunistic; and "that evolutionary history, like human history, is essentially unrepeatable and irreversible."

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Seeing Things

NOW — AND THEN

NO American musical is more treasured as a memory than "Of Thee I Sing."* It holds a special place (shall I say evergreen or Wintergreen?) in the affections of those lucky enough to have seen it when first it captured the country more than twenty years ago. "Funnier than the Government and not half so dangerous" was Brooks Atkinson's happy description of it. Funnier than the Government it was, and not dangerous at all. Instead, the irreverence with which it dealt with the White House, the Supreme Court, the Senate, and the zany features of a national election were healthy proofs that America was still safe for democracy.

No wonder, "Of Thee I Sing" was the first musical comedy to win the Pulitzer Prize. Its merits were irresistible. George Gershwin's score was one of the best that even he ever wrote. To this day it is impossible to hear "Wintergreen for President," "Love Is Sweeping the Country," or "Of Thee I Sing, Baby" without having the heart dance. Ira Gershwin's lyrics and the book by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind were so gay that at every performance they put an end to the Depression, at least for those who had managed to squeeze into the Music Box.

The very notion of having a candidate run on a platform limited to "Love" was inspired. So was the idea of having Senators halt impeachment proceedings against the President merely because his wife was about to become a mother. Both were hilarious and deserved thrusts at our sentimentality as a people. Then, there were the wonderfully mad slogans carried by the marchers in the political parade. And those lantern-slide election returns which were glorious in their idiocy. Above all, however, there was Alexander Throttlebottom, that most forgotten of forgotten men, the Vice President, who both as written and as played by Victor Moore was one of the most original and winning characters the modern theatre has produced.

"Let sleeping dogs lie" is a precept upon which we have all been raised. In the majority of cases it would be wiser if precious memories were also left undisturbed. Recollections have an active life of their own. Usually they are safest when they remain unchallenged by the present. They are the products of what was and what we were, and both of these are bound to change. I must admit I dreaded seeing "Of Thee I Sing" again. I could understand, as who could not, why in an election year its revival was almost inevitable. But my admiration for the original production was so warm that I hated to risk having it chilled.

I could not imagine anyone, however well-meaning or gifted, replacing Victor Moore as Throttlebottom or, for that matter, William Gaxton as John P. Wintergreen. Remembering how dizzily this twirling planet has spun since December 26, 1931, and how different America and America's role in history have become, I had my natural misgivings about encountering again the light-hearted nonsense which had once been so right and delectable a feature of "Of Thee I Sing."

The first half of the present production persuaded me my fears were groundless. The overture was a sheer delight. The old melodies were all there, creating their old joy. The introductory scene, with its slogans brought up to date, was as funny as ever. The projected election returns, also refurbished, were as convulsing as anything I remember in years. Jack Carson, though lacking William Gaxton's shiny exuberance, was an acceptable Wintergreen. Betty Oakes had as Mary Turner, his bride-to-be, much the same bloom and bounce as Lois Moran. Even Paul Hartman, so different from Mr. Moore and faced with the appalling assignment of trying to fill his shoes, was serviceable enough. Indeed, only Lenore Lonergan, as Diana Devereaux the by-passed bathing beauty of the Southland, seemed lost.

AS I say, this recaptured pleasure was something I felt during the first half. Feeling it again was a giddy and welcome experience; a sort of sentimental orgy in which hearty belly laughs replaced what can be an agreeable indulgence in melancholy. I knew what I was seeing was not quite what it had been. It was really a road com-

—John Bennewitz.

Paul Hartman, Betty Oakes, and Jack Carson—"warm admiration chilled."

OF THEE I SING, a revival of the musical comedy. Book by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, music by George Gershwin, lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Directed by Mr. Kaufman. Settings by Albert Johnson. Costumes by Irene Sharaff. Musical numbers and ensembles staged by Jack Donohue. Presented by Chandler Cowles and Ben Segal. With a cast including Jack Carson, Paul Hartman, Jack Whiting, Lenore Lonergan, Betty Oakes. Florenz Ames, Joan Mann, Jonathan Lucas, Howard Freeman, J. Pat O'Malley, Donald Foster, Robert F. Simon, Loring Smith, etc. At the Ziegfeld Theatre, New York City. Opened May 5, 1952.

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pany version of a Broadway success. Yet in this age of oleomargarine it was near enough to the original to pass.

After the intermission, however, a strange, unwanted thing happened. At least it did to me. When once the scene was past in which Throttlebottom gets his first view of the White House as a tourist, the evening's fun began to wither on the vine. I wanted to keep on laughing. I tried desperately to do so. But, to my surprise and sorrow I discovered I was sitting straight-faced and bored through most of the second act. Like a party that starts gaily and suddenly dies, "Of Thee I Sing" had languished so far as I was concerned.

I began to wonder why I had ever found anything funny in the stuff about the French Ambassador, in the impeachment proceedings as written, or in Mary Turner's twins. The book ceased to be fresh and witty, and seemed old and tired. The performances lost their hold. They appeared increasingly colorless and finally downright inadequate. Only Mr. Gershwin's music retained the gaiety and sparkle I had associated with every instant of the first production.

It is hard to find a precise explanation for this. Certainly, the ways of Government have not lost their humorous aspects. Certainly, the practices of politicians and methods of campaigning have not become jokeproof. Such materials as these are as ripe in the opportunities they offer satirists as they ever were. But many of the targets for satire have shifted or are different. And patching up an old script, written for and about a vanished world with topical references born of another day, is not enough to make that old script new. In fact, the patches only call attention to its age.

Campaign slogans, election returns, smoke-filled rooms, the machinations of party bosses, the windiness of convention orators, and the susceptibility of voters—all these remain as unaltered as the validity and inspiration of Throttlebottom's character. It is because it deals with these that the first half of "Of Thee I Sing" still seems true and timely. From then on, however, when its plot depends upon the possibility of France's going to war against the United States because of Diana Devereaux, the nonsense has little sense behind it. It wanders into a Cuckooboro-on-Cloud and loses touch with reality. The truth one demands of satire dwindles into silliness.

Once upon a time none of us complained about this. If the second half of the book represented a falling-off, we did not object. Why do we do so now? One reason is ironic. It may be the penalty "Of Thee I Sing" is forced

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Dress Rehearsal is MONICA STIRLING'S second novel and the first to be published by us. She has had stories in *The Atlantic Monthly* (whose editor first encouraged her to write, during the war), *Harper's Bazaar*, *The New Yorker*, and other magazines here and abroad.

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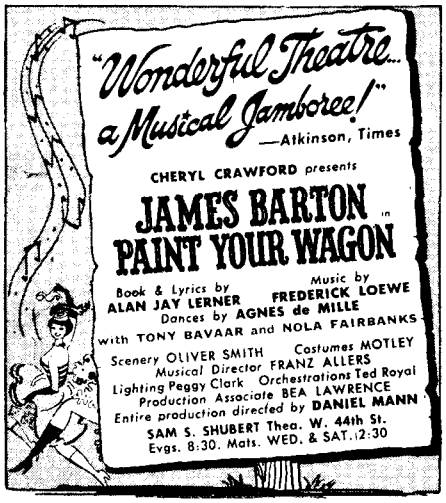
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to pay because of having so raised the standards of intelligence in satiric musical comedies. There are other possible explanations. As a people, we are no doubt as sentimental as we were twenty years ago, but we are no longer so simple. The cruel barrage of events during these two decades has seen to that. Conditions of the recent past and threats of the future have forced us to acquire a sense of the preciousness of time we did not formerly possess.

When there is so much to be said about our Government and the issues of the present, we resent not having these points made as wittily and tellingly as only Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Ryskind could make them. They do make them in the first half of "Of Thee I Sing" but not in the second. Even in the first half we find it hard to believe with our old assurance that "Love Is Sweeping the Country."

It would take a lot more rewriting than occasional lines about Stassen, Warren, General Vaughan, Dewey, Rita Hayworth, or mink coats to bring "Of Thee I Sing" up to date. Although it still has its hilarious moments, much of its hilarity belongs to the past. That it seems dated during so much of the second half is one way of measuring how much we and the world have changed since that memorable December night in 1931 when first it astonished and delighted us.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Russian Symbolist

CHEKHOV THE DRAMATIST. By David Magarshack. Auvergne, New York. $4.50. Mr. Magarshack contends that Chekhov's plays have almost always been misinterpreted by actors, directors, and critics, and he attempts to prove his point by the use of excerpts from Chekhov's letters and comparisons between early and late versions of the playwright's scripts.

Since directors and actors know the problems of their trade and the practical necessity of handling audiences first-hand, they are seldom able to make much use of an author's abstract ideas in their work. Chekhov's symbolism, his notion of using some of his characters as chorus or counterpoint, and his belief that "The Sea Gull" and "The Cherry Orchard" should be played as ludicrous comedies are difficult to translate into theatrical results. (This is, perhaps, why some of the people who talk the most intelligently about the theatre flourish least in it.) However, there is no denying that Mr. Magarshack's book is a valuable aid to anyone reading or seeing a Chekhov play. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR Goes to the Movies

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO FRENCH FILMS?

THE simultaneous release of four new French films in New York seems to emphasize just how few have actually been seen here in the past year or so. At one time the words "French film" and "foreign film" were practically interchangeable. Since the war, however, English and Italian pictures have increasingly been edging in, often securing extended playing time in the most desirable theatres. And now, with the Government-enforced separation of American production, distribution, and exhibition, Hollywood movies are regularly turning up in houses formerly associated solely with foreign pictures. All of this means, of course, greater competition for French films. No exhibitor now books a French picture simply because it is French; not with the star-studded Hollywood product available to him, not with British pictures around that have all the advantages of foreignness without the necessity for strip titles. A French picture has to have extra merit these days to find a theatre—or at least some readily exploitable box-office personality or theme.

But this is only part of the reason why so few Gallic importations have been visible of late. A further explanation is to be found in France itself. Production costs in France, as in Hollywood, have risen astronomically through the past few years. And whenever that happens there is an overwhelming tendency on the part of producers to play it safe, to use established stars and directors in time-proven stories, to avoid experiment. The small Government film subsidy in France, as is so often the case, seems designed to encourage mediocrity and stereotyped production. As a result, French films have fallen off both in quality and quantity. There have been a few exceptions since the war, even a few exceptional films. Jacques Tati's recent "Jour de Fête" had the verve and freshness of shoe-string experimentation about it. Max Ophul's silken "La Ronde," as smooth a studio production as ever was made, won audiences by its sheer perfection. "La Vie Commence Demain," yet to be released in this country, is an exciting, provocative examination of today's arts and sciences in relation to the world of tomorrow. But in general the vigor, the creativity, even some of the taste that distinguished the French cinema of the late Thirties seems to have burned itself out. At the moment, we can be grateful that our exhibitors are choosing for us only the best.

And of the new imports, certainly among the best is Julien Duvivier's "Under the Paris Sky" (Discina). One of the leading lights in the French revival of the Thirties, Duvivier became famous through "Un Carnet de Bal" for a *portmanteau* type of picture with many sections ingeniously threaded together. Here he tries it again, orchestrating a bizarre assortment of lives into a sort of city symphony of Paris. His film starts as the city wakes up. And as the day progresses the lives of utter strangers begin to cut across each other for better or for worse. An old woman wanders through the city begging money to buy milk for her cats. A child runs away from home, setting off down the Seine on a voyage to Mauritania and the Canary Islands. A young girl arrives in Paris to make her fortune. Her friend, a model, worries about her fiance who is taking his final examination in medicine that afternoon. A worker is celebrating his silver anniversary with a sit-down strike inside the factory walls. And a mad sculptor stalks through the city, a killer.

All of these themes Duvivier manages to manipulate with considerable agility. Sometimes it is the commentary, spoken in English by Duncan Elliott, that ties the separate stories together, sometimes a simple encounter. But always there is a sense of fate directing the chancest meeting and a careful balancing of youth and age, life and death, joy and sorrow. It is life shaped by art rather than simply the random reflection of a teeming city, and Duvivier proves himself still the skilful technician in the juxtaposition of his many types. He has cast his picture judiciously, Christian Dior has clothed it handsomely, and Paris itself—the stalls of Montmartre, the graceful bridges over the Seine, the steep white stairs to Sacre-Coeur, the granite arches of the Place des Vosges—provides an ever-fascinating background for its absorbing and varied incidents.

The French enthusiasm for seeing the many facets of a comic situation, drawing from it all its humor and all its sting, underlies the action of Jacques Becker's slight but sprightly "Edward and Caroline" (Commercial) and gives it a special flavor. The story, what little there is of it, centers about two delightful young people, the boy an unsuccessful concert pianist, his pretty wife a girl of good family. There are quarrels and misunderstandings, flirtations and seductions, all laced with warm, human perceptions and wry commentaries on temperamental artists, on degenerate high society folk, and on life in general. Daniel Gélin as Edward is small, dark, and unhandsome, but filled with charm; and Anne Vernon is a lovely, effervescent Caroline. It's a light, gay, graceful, and strikingly handsome production.

These same virtues are conspicuously lacking in "The Prize" (Classic), and this is the more surprising since the film is a Marcel Pagnol adaptation of one of Maupassant's better known short stories. Basically, it is a good satiric theme. A group of ex-

"Under the Paris Sky"—"a mad sculptor stalks through the city."

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tremely virtuous ladies in a provincial town decide to award a purse of 100,000 francs to the most virtuous local girl. None can be found, so the prize goes to Isidore, the town's most virtuous young man. A trip to Paris with one of the committee women, however, changes Isidore completely. Director Jean Boyer creates a good deal of amusement with his artfully drawn local types, and Pagnol has supplied them with many really funny lines. But Bourvil, as Isidore, dominates the proceedings and his ideas of comedy, given free rein, prove disastrous. His strenuous overplaying turns droll satire into tasteless farce.

"The Perfectionist" (Discina) is probably best representative of the French producers' idea of a safe and solid picture, a long and dreary account of life in a Paris hospital starring Pierre Fresnay. For the French, of course, Fresnay can do no wrong. And in justice to him, his portrait of the gloomy Dr. Delage is everything it should be, well modulated, intelligent, apparently sincere. But the script picks up the good doctor at nowhere in particular, involves him in a half-dozen spectacularly uninteresting subplots, and then unceremoniously drops him at the conclusion of somebody else's story. By that time, however, one is grateful simply to be released.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

Under the Paris Sky: Reviewed in this issue.

The Sniper: An intelligently executed melodrama about a compulsive killer. (*SR* May 10.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Miss Julie: Based on Strindberg, this importation from Sweden is gloomy in tone, sensitive in execution. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Marrying Kind: Matrimony runs a bumpy but witty course as delineated by actress Judy Holliday, director George Cukor, and writers Kanin & Gordon. (*SR* Mar. 22.)

5 *Fingers*: L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual cliches of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8.)

African Fury: A rather bizarre retitling for U.S. distribution of "Cry, the Beloved Country," with screen script by Alan Paton and starring the late Canada Lee. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

Stage & Screen.

In Europe when a scholar whose influence on his field has been considerable reaches three-score-and-ten, his admirers customarily honor him with a Festschrift *volume. In the American theatre few men of his time have had as far-reaching an influence as George Jean Nathan. To celebrate his seventieth birthday, one of his admirers, Charles Angoff, has shown why that is so by publishing a representative collection of his writing, "The World of George Jean Nathan" (below) . . . . One of the great training schools for the present-day stage and screen, little known during its existence two decades ago, was the University Players. An alumnus, Norris Houghton, has recorded its checkered but distinguished history in "But Not Forgotten" (page 36) . . . . The still meager shelf of books available on the film has three new additions, reviewed this week: "Dynamics of the Film" (page 37), "Hollywood USA" (page 37), and "Film in Education" (page 37).*

The Fearsome "Mr. Critic"

THE WORLD OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN. Edited by Charles Angoff. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 489 pp. $5.

By LAWRENCE LANGNER

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, according to the blurb on the cover of this book, celebrated his seventieth birthday on St. Valentine's Day 1952, and the volume honors Nathan by reprinting the best material from his almost three dozen published books, selected by his admiring friend, Charles Angoff. The occasion is, therefore, primarily one for bouquets and congratulations. Regarded as a Valentine to commemorate the event, this lively and readable volume of Nathan's essays, articles, manifestoes, credos, and self-revelations recalls the past of our theatre with a nostalgic perfume of sweet lavender mixed with the pungent odor of old vitriol. One misses from this volume, however, a picture of Nathan against a background of hearts and flowers surrounded by a wreath of forget-me-nots. Nathan is still the gayest and youngest-looking of all the drama critics, for all his three-score-and-ten. An extremely likable fellow, he is a veritable Adonis who, for years, ran neck and neck with Brooks Atkinson and John Mason Brown in the annual Beauty Contest of the Drama Critics' Circle, but eventually outstripped them both since, according to his own view, as he grew older he grew even handsomer.

This volume of Nathan's writings recalls the great service rendered by him in the early days of the modern American theatre in making dramatic criticism readable, vital, and exciting. Beginning in an era when the newspapers supported a bevy of resounding bores as their drama critics, it was the young Nathan in the pages of the monthly magazine *The Smart Set*, which he edited with H. L. Mencken from 1908 to 1923, who led the vanguard of the critics and paved the way for such vigorous young writers as Heywood Broun, Alexander Woollcott, John Mason Brown, Robert Benchley, and the group of contemporary critics, many of whom are still with us. These critics wrote about the theatre with such youthful zest and enthusiasm that they literally drove their readers to share their excitement in the plays and players. Alas, according to Nathan at a later date, "No critic in his first days is worth a hoot . . . The best critics are and have been blasé men." And he adds, "It is the critic that has a hard time keeping awake at the Metropolitan, at the theatre or in an art gallery, that is the critic who is worth reading." Poppycock, Mr. Nathan!

Nathan, as these pages reveal, has never been a temperate critic. Like the little girl with the curl, when he is good he is very, very good, and when he is bad he is horrid. Like all important critics, he has been a crusader for his preferences, and has promoted the objects of his critical affections with all the zeal of an impassioned evangelist. Since I share with him an unqualified admiration for two of the objects of his affection, Eugene O'Neill and Bernard Shaw, I feel grateful that his pen has been wielded so powerfully in their behalf. Indeed, his kind-

Lawrence Langner, founder, director and co-administrator of The Theatre Guild, is also a playwright, producer, and patent agent.

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ness and friendship for O'Neill have earned him free admission to the theatreless Heaven to which the souls of all good drama critics are ultimately consigned. Two of the best portions of this book deal discerningly with these great authors, and his critical appraisal of O'Neill's works, play by play, is a masterpiece of incisive analysis.

Another good trait of Nathan is his interest in the works of younger writers, which he promotes with the enthusiastic salesmanship of a Main Street huckster. One of these was the talented William Saroyan who, under the guidance of Nathan, blossomed as an important playwright on Broadway. Indeed, Nathan is likely at any given moment to be promoting two writers, an actress, Sean O'Casey, and a talking dog.

These good deeds of Nathan are sufficient to justify turning this review into a mere laudatory catalogue of his virtues. But Nathan, like murder, will out, and when one comes across a sentence reading "Pay no attention to what people say or write about you. A man in the brick-throwing business must expect occasionally to be hit by a brick," the temptation to hurl a few bricks is overwhelming.

The Nathan who was once feared and is now revered as the Dean of the Drama Critics, presents in this book the dual personality of the Peter Pan of reviewers, and the highly literate and expressive man of letters who has written entertainingly on the theatre for decades. The playboy who hides behind some of the best writing of this book, the masterly chapters on the drama and the theatre, is impelled to utter such balderdash as "All really great drama is a form of Scandal," or "The Actor is the gigolo of dramatic art."

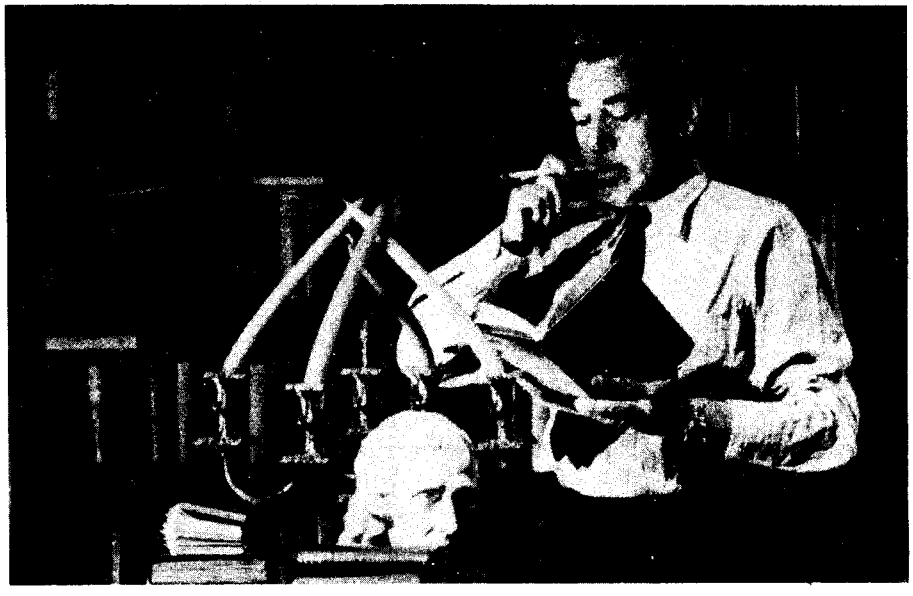
Nathan assails his confreres with the statement: "The bulk of American criticism is corrupted by a blind adherence to and championing of favorites." This is a practice which has been more or less peculiar to Nathan, and I do not regard it as a fault when the favorite is an artist of merit. But the contrary condition is justified by Nathan throughout the book. "Don't hesitate to indulge in personalities," he urges, in his advice to young critics, forgetful of the fact that the victim is unable to answer back, and that Nathan has always had the advantage of the last word. "If you have violent prejudices, do not be afraid of them. Give them a free course," he adds, forgetful that Nathan's violent prejudices when given free rein, can destroy or injure or embitter many a true artist of merit.

This book is called "The World of George Jean Nathan." One leaves it feeling that this world is bounded on the east by the Stork Club, on the west by Eighth Avenue, on the north by 53rd Street, and on the south by 40th Street. We learn that Nathan has lived in the same hotel since 1906, a matter of some forty-six years, and in the same apartment in the hotel for twenty-six years. Neither the hotel nor Nathan can be said to possess a passionate desire for change. And it is perhaps a sense of a lack of progress in life itself which communicates itself through this volume. We revisit *The Smart Set* of the Ten and Twenties, and hear the echoes of the past. But alas, outside the theatre, the *enfant terrible* of yesteryear has become the perennial juvenile of today. We are no longer bowled over by Nathan's sophistication, which now reminds us of college wit in the days when there were college widows to listen to it. I cull a handful of tidbits from the book: *On Women* . . . "the coarse sex . . . ," "women's minds are less clean than men's . . . ," "a woman is always the plaything for the man she truly loves. . . ." *On Marriage* . . . "marriage is the reward that women graciously withhold from the man they have truly loved. . . ." *On Sex* . . . "sex is purely and simply the diversion of man. . . ." *On Politics* . . . "I am told that my complete disinterestedness in politics causes me to miss a lot. . . ." *On Country Life* . . . "Once you leave the city you leave behind you all the true peace and comforts of civilized life. . . ." And so on *ad nauseam*.

Nathan reveals in this book a number of reasons why he has remained a bachelor, such as "I never married—because I am having too much fun." Yet notwithstanding his protests that he plays the very devil with the conventions, as well as with women, we learn that one of the most potent reasons for his failure to marry is because of his abnormal sense of the importance of conventional monogamy. "I do not possess the required popular technic," he writes. "That technic demands that a man spend the rest of his life with one woman, and never look at another." Shades of Queen Victoria! What kind of world has Nathan been living in?

But why criticize a critic who writes of his world, for having experienced so little of the real world? Is it necessary to be married to criticize intelligently a play about marriage, to have children to criticize a play dealing with the problems of children, to experience family life to criticize plays on this subject, to know something of politics and government to criticize discerningly plays dealing with such subjects? The answer is obviously no. Nathan has done it for decades and done it brilliantly. One wonders whether some greater range of experience of life itself might not have helped, until one remembers that what cannot be gained first-hand from experience can often be learned second-hand from books. And Charles Angoff, in his revealing introduction, tells us that Nathan's apartment "looks like an ancient and honorable and wonderful second-hand bookshop. Books and pictures are all over, piled high on chairs and on the floor."

Among these, no doubt, are Nathan's other thirty-four volumes, and I recommend this additional one to the older readers who will enjoy his entertaining recollections of the good old days in the theatre, and to the younger ones who will learn from it of Nathan's contribution to the stage in the days of his illustrious youth.



George Jean Nathan "feared and now revered."

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Cradle of Talent

BUT NOT FORGOTTEN: The Adventure of the University Players. By Norris Houghton. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 346 pp. $4.

By Erik Barnouw

IN THE summer of 1928 a group of collegians gathered on Cape Cod and began to put on plays. After several successful summer seasons they tried winter repertory in Baltimore, failing financially. In 1932 they tackled Broadway, failed again, and disbanded their theatre on Cape Cod which has long since burned to the ground.

That this company, the University Players, should become the subject of a book may seem surprising until one examines the list of its members. The unknowns who composed its casts, who were all in their teens or twenties at the time, and who all ushered or built scenery when not acting, included Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Mildred Natwick, Myron McCormick, Barbara O'Neill, and Kent Smith. All received the fixed company salary of five dollars a week plus keep.

The two five-dollar-a-week unknowns who directed most of the plays were Bretaigne Windust and Joshua Logan. Their Broadway directing achievements have since included "Knickerbocker Holiday," "I Married an Angel," "Amphitryon 38," "On Borrowed Time," "Idiot's Delight," "Life with Father," "Annie Get Your Gun," "Arsenic and Old Lace," "State of the Union," "Mister Roberts," "Finian's Rainbow," "South Pacific," and a host of other stage hits, as well as films.

Chief scene designer, also at five dollars, was Norris Houghton, who is currently producer of the "CBS Television Workshop" and who has written this absorbing and often amusing history of a company in which he poses such questions as: Why did so much talent flow from this one company? Did something in their methods, their leadership, or their times produce these results? In view of the fabulous later success of individual members why did the company itself not accomplish more? The Abbey Theatre had its Synge, Yeats, O'Casey, the Provincetown its O'Neill, the Group Theatre its Odets—why did the University Players find no voice?

Educators interested in the theatre will get food for thought from Houghton's observations. He points out that the University Players sprang largely from two colleges which academically snubbed the theatre—Princeton and Harvard. Here drama production was solely a student activity, having no place in the curriculum. The students who spent hours at the Princeton Theatre Intime and the Harvard Dramatic Club did so without faculty guidance. They never asked for any, and got the habit of doing just what they wanted.

Bretaigne Windust of Princeton and Charles Leatherbee of Harvard, both looking toward Broadway, saw there a theatre that demanded much experience but did little to provide it. So they got together, talked to others from Harvard, Princeton, Vassar, Radcliffe, and elsewhere, and formed a company. Four founding members put up $100 each. The $400 was the total original capital.

A movie theatre in Falmouth, on Cape Cod, was willing to let them put on plays two nights a week in place of the films. Here the company arrived with lighting equipment "borrowed" from the Princeton and Harvard dramatic clubs. On the Cape the girls were housed in rented rooms, the boys on a reconverted submarine chaser loaned to the company. In the small galley of this boat a Harvard man cooked all meals, getting provisions by starting charge accounts at local groceries. Those who built scenery ran up charge accounts at hardware stores. No one considered that all this might lead to disaster. And it didn't. At the end of the summer bills were paid and there was $1200 in the bank. On the strength of this record the company borrowed money to build its own theatre at nearby Old Silver Beach, where it decided to add a nightclub. In subsequent summers members constantly rehearsed nightclub acts as well as plays, and performed six nights a week. By trial and error they were learning how to deal with audiences.

The company was a child of its time in several ways. Its members thought of the theatre as an end in itself, not as a forum for ideas. A few years later, Depression-bred students were looking to the theatre to throw light on social problems. During its 1931 winter in Baltimore the University Players crossed paths with the Group Theatre. The two companies were brought together for an uneasy social function in which each tended to congregate in its own corner. They belonged to different times.

The University Players had their minds on audiences—how to lure, hold, terrify, move, delight them. When failure as a group dumped them on Broadway as individual job-seekers they were technically ready far beyond most people of their age. Their names were soon appearing on marquees. If they have become known for brilliant showmanship and not for anything they "stand for" they are in that respect typical of our theatre.

As one of four students who invested $100 in a 1928 venture, I find in this book a vivid retelling of the story, with a sane, restrained search for meanings.

Erik Barnouw, Princeton '29, one of the original University Players, is now in charge of radio and television courses at Columbia University's School of General Studies. He supervises the television series "Horizons" and edits films and recordings produced by Columbia University Press.

Charles Arnt and Joshua Logan in "Juno and the Paycock" (1931)—"trial and error."

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Art of Filming

DYNAMICS OF THE FILM. By Joseph and Harry Feldman. New York: Hermitage House. 255 *pp.* $3.50.

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

JOSEPH and Harry Feldman are two young New York lawyers fatally attracted to the motion picture. Between appearances at the bar they review and write articles about the movies for several of the little magazines, studying both the films they see and the increasing literature in the field. It was out of these studies that this book developed. They felt a need for a work that would explain the theory behind film art, that would clarify the distinctive nature of the motion picture as opposed to the other arts.

To a certain extent, they have succeeded. Carefully, even laboriously, they differentiate film from literature, the drama, and the stage. They indicate the role of the various contributive elements in picture making—direction, acting, camera, editing, and sound. They analyze the peculiar nature of film composition, film acting, and film editing. As a catalogue of the components of the art, "Dynamics of the Film" is a reasonably thorough and explicit job.

But their larger purpose was to get behind all of these elements and discover what makes a movie tick, how and why everything goes together to produce a picture that can excite and delight audiences all over the world. And this they have failed to do. Perhaps it is because they have approached the film so very much like lawyers, analyzing it so minutely into its separate elements that they can't get it back together again. The human quality, the quality of "empathy," the unique power of a movie to absorb and sway its audience has escaped them completely.

Threading through the maze of pieces into which they have reduced the motion picture, the Feldmans have very properly seized upon the cut as the distinctive base of film art. In this, of course, they are in full accord with such practical theoreticians as Eisenstein and Pudovkin. It is only when they come to examine the precise nature of the shot, the bricks out of which any film structure is created, that they begin to go astray. Using their mechanical approach, they describe the various *kinds* of shots that are possible—close-ups, long shots, pans, dollies, trucking shots. But the nature of the shot itself eludes them. They note, for example, that "a camera record of the performance of a play upon the stage will inevitably fail to capture its power," but they blame that failure on the absence of cutting or, as they prefer to describe it, "montage."

Actually the failure—and this is the very root of film making—is a failure to reinterpret the play in terms of the camera, to break it down into its visual elements, into a series of analytical shots. For film is a *seeing* medium. As every close-up hints to us, it is a medium that concretizes the abstract in the particular, the particular in its most revealing aspect. Montage is important: It relates the pieces and, as the Feldmans correctly indicate, develops their ultimate significance. But it is the content of the shot that shapes technique and not the other way around. Approaching films from the outside in, trying to analyze its structure without understanding the significance of the shot, the Feldmans have produced an interesting enough compendium of film techniques, but one that fails to grasp precisely the subject of their book, the dynamics of the film.

Stage & Screen Notes

HOLLYWOOD, U.S.A.: From Script to Screen. By Alice Evans Field. Vantage Press. $3.50. Mrs. Field planned her book, she tells us, as a substitute for a trip through the Hollywood studios. "To watch a scene as it is played for the final 'take' on a sound stage does not reveal much of the total process of getting a story on celluloid; but it gives visitors an *impression* of having seen the real thing," she says. "Hollywood, U.S.A.," with its series of brief chapters on the various movie crafts, may give the *impression* of going behind the scenes; but anything beyond the simplest technical process Mrs. Field finds "so complicated that it baffles the understanding of the layman," while for ethical and social values in films she simply offers, without further comment, an outline of the Motion Picture Code. As a matter of fact, the code's somewhat ambiguous language often parallels her own. Mrs. Field appraises everything—camera-work, direction, costume design, writing—in terms of "truth" and "beauty," two words that crop up on virtually every page. Even as merely a general over-view of how Hollywood makes a movie, the work is marred by imprecision, by factual errors and important omissions, of which perhaps the most serious is the question of how a motion picture is financed. An abundance of typographical errors frequently irritates, occasionally amuses, as, "Rarely today is it necessary to resort to artificial sounds, such as a barrel with attached roller skates to stimulate an elevated train."

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

FILM IN EDUCATION. By Andrew Buchanan. British Book Centre. $5.50. Andrew Buchanan, himself a British producer of educational films, is honest enough to begin with the observation that too many classroom films are "lifeless, stilted, and move unnecessarily slowly." His aim in this book is twofold: to help increase the use and understanding of films for education in its widest sense, and to raise the level of motion picture quality in general. In the course of the book, he helps clarify for American readers some of the work done in the British Isles by such organizations as the British Universities Film Council, the National Committee for Visual Aids in Education, the Education Foundation for Visual Aids, the Central Film Library, and the Distribution Department of the British Film Institute.

Especially interesting are the sections on the history of educational films in Britain, comments on the role of the teacher-adviser in the production of films, suggestions on improving classroom showings, entertainment movies for children, a brief account of the Colonial Film Unit in Africa, and a delightful report on a series of films made by the author during wartime to explain to Arabian audiences the principles of the automobile, airplane, and parachute. Unfortunately, the short sections on American and Canadian films are both incomplete and out-of-date. One blushes to find, in the index of titles, that "Nanook of the North" is listed as a United Kingdom film, presumably meaning that it is available there. The author's final words fully explain his basic attitude to film: "I believe it will eventually prove itself to be *the* great educator of the world."

—CECILE STARR.

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TV and Radio

FUNGOES ON FILAMENT

I'VE about come to the conclusion that if I have the choice of watching a baseball game on television or seeing it at the ball park, I'll choose reading about it in the morning newspaper. I'll tell you why.

On a recent Saturday afternoon I was watching a game on the 400-foot screen that is the Yankee stadium. Routine play had followed routine play for four innings. The Yankees were now at bat. There were two outs and a man was on first. Young Mickey Mantle had singled, sending the man to second. Now Mickey stood crouched at attention on first base watching as his teammate Yogi Berra tried to break out of a batting slump. Suddenly Berra got hold of one. It was a clean single. The man on second scored, and Mickey streaked around to third.

I gave a short cheer and sat down and made the proper notation on my program—a hit for Berra and a run driven in. As I looked up from my handiwork the scoreboard in right field was erasing the hit and the run, and the teams were changing sides.

My little group of four looked at each other in amazement and wondered what had happened. We were still wondering two innings later when Phil Rizzuto who was on first was racing toward second and had reached it safely only to be called out. The entire Yankee team, including the Yankee manager and the coaches swooped down on the umpires and there followed one of the most violent pantomime bits I've ever witnessed at a ballpark. We sat patiently through the charade and there was an announcement over the public-address system that the Yankees were playing the game under protest. What they were protesting was left to the imagination of the spectators.

It was as if you were watching the game at home on your television set and the sound had gone dead. Not a word of explanation on either of the two plays. It was in the morning newspaper that I read the details. Mickey in his exuberance to start for home plate had neglected to touch second. Consequently the hit was taken away from Berra, the run batted in was taken away from Berra, and the youthful Mickey was beginning to learn that you can't go home again—unless you touch second. The reason Rizzuto was called out at second when he seemingly was safe, was, the newspaper explained, because he had blocked the second baseman's vision.

It would have been cozier if all this had been explained over the public-address system at the ball park. Ball team owners are beginning to complain that television is cutting into their gates. I don't wonder. But if television is becoming serious competition, why not give the fans who come to see the players in person the same information they get on their TV sets at home?

Race-track operators have discovered that their patrons want to know if there is a foul claimed after a race, and for what reason it is allowed. There was a time when all this was top secret stuff between the jockies and the judges, and horses were disqualified without a word of explanation. Racing fans resented it, the racing officials rectified the situation, and today one race track in New York will outdraw the combined number of baseball fans in two ball parks.

Well, the solution to the baseball problem seems quite simple. Don't go to the ball parks. Stay at home and watch it on television. But that's more easily said than done. Although you do get full explanations for the complicated plays over your TV set, you also get a lot of extra-curricular information. And there comes a time when a man just has to get away from all that beer, and the cigars and cigarettes constantly being hawked between innings, and get out into the open for a whiff of the fresh stuff.

I don't know about you, but when the Giants are leading one to nothing, and the visiting team has a couple of men on base and a big hitter is up at the plate, I don't care a hang that he is five feet twelve inches tall and was born in Punxutawney, Pennsylvania, but now makes his home in Sedalia, Missouri, and his wife is expecting a baby in Redondo Beach, California. After he has been struck out we can all sit down and talk it over, but right now let's get him out of the way.

And should this five foot twelve inch batter who was born in Punxutawney, Pennsylvania, but who now makes his home in Sedalia, Missouri, and whose wife is expecting a baby in Redondo Beach, California, hit a home run, it doesn't help matters any to have Russ Hodges or his assistant with the built-in filter in his voice, gleefully announce that the makers of Chesterfields are sending 1,000 cigarettes to the boys in the hospitals. I personally will send the boys 2,000 cigarettes if Russ and his assistant will just stop being so happy about it.

Of course I realize Chesterfields make it possible for me to see the game, but what a production they make out of giving away 1,000 cigarettes. That amounts to fifty packs. Fifty packs of cigarettes cost the sponsor about two dollars and a half. Big deal! And even that's deductible.

—GOODMAN ACE.

"Missionary Smythe certainly must have got into their blood."

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WHITTAKER CHAMBERS & HIS "WITNESS"

(*Continued from page 10*)

would be to name one specific policy which would not have been undertaken had it not been for the secret Communist influence. Chambers makes a good deal of the fact that Hiss was counsel for the Nye Committee. But the moving spirits in the Nye Committee were Senator Nye, John T. Flynn, and Stephen Raushenbush. The Nye Committee would have reached its conclusions about the munitions industry just the same had Alger Hiss never existed. The fact that Lee Pressman, Nathan Witt, and John Abt held a variety of Government jobs is no proof at all that they affected Government policy. All it suggests is that they pretended to *accept* Government policy; they had to if they wanted to keep the jobs. The only proof of their influence would be evidence that their presence *transformed* Government policy. Mr. Chambers presents no such evidence in the domestic field. So far as I can see, a case can be made out for Communist influence on domestic policy in only one agency—the National Labor Relations Board, when Witt was the Board's secretary; and his influence hardly changed the course of history. Moreover, it was a situation fully understood by the White House. Roosevelt spent a good deal of time in 1940 in cleaning the Communists out of the NLRB.

The same considerations hold for foreign policy. The Morgenthau Plan was a bad plan; and Harry White certainly played an important role in its formulation. But to assume that without Communist influence there would have been no demand in 1944 for a hard peace is fantasy. Is Sir Robert Vansittart to be considered a tool of the Communists? James B. Conant backed the Morgenthau Plan; Bertram D. Wolfe wrote at the time that Stalin "would fear a greatly weakened Germany as much as a revolutionary Germany." Were Conant and Wolfe under Stalinist influence? Lauchlin Currie, on the other hand, fought the Morgenthau Plan—which complicates the whole Elizabeth Bentley theory of Communist influence in Washington. And the Soviet Union itself opposed the Morgenthau conception. If anything is obvious out of this confusion, it is that, after four years of bitter war against Nazism, one would naturally expect a series of harsh and punitive proposals, especially in view of the belief that leniency in 1919 had contributed to the rise of Hitler. Our absorption with the Communist conspiracy must not permit us to forget that such great upheavals as depression and war may sometimes have influence on human behavior.

— *Justus in* Minneapolis Star.

"Statue of Slavery."

The fall of China provides no more clear a case for the Chambers contention. It is absurd to assume that all those who saw no future in Chiang Kai-shek and some hope in Chinese Communism were members or dupes of a Stalinist conspiracy. Many people of diverse political views detected virtue in the Chinese Communists. George Sokolsky wrote "The morally best elements of the nationalist movement in China are now in the Communist ranks. . . . And Chiang may yet fail, and the Soviet China may yet come into existence. But will it matter much? Will China be altogether altered? Will China take on a Russian facade? It is doubtful." Freda Utley declared that the Chinese Communist had abandoned dictatorial aspirations; "its aim has genuinely become social and political reform along capitalist and democratic lines." Mistakes are inevitable in the analysis of an infinitely complicated situation. Why always equate human error with Communist conspiracy?—especially when the only course which would have averted the collapse of Chiang Kai-shek—the commitment of an American Army to the mainland of China—is something which no one was ready to advocate in 1947, and few are willing to advocate today.

As for Yalta, Alger Hiss had nothing to do with the Far Eastern discussions, and knew nothing of their existence. Indeed, his chief role in the conference was to *oppose* the Russian demand for extra votes—an action compatible with the theory of Hiss as an agent, but hardly compatible with the theory of Hiss as a pro-Soviet influence in the State Department.

All the events which Mr. Chambers attributes to Communist influence are *fully explainable on other grounds*. Under the pressure of his own natural absorption with the Communist conspiracy, he commits the fallacy of excess interpretation and thereby does the Communists altogether too much credit. The one striking fact about the Communists in the Thirties and Forties was, not their success, but their failure. The climate could hardly have been more propitious for them—first a depression, with fifteen million Americans out of work, then a war, in which the Soviet Union was a valuable and respected ally, and all the time a negligent and gullible nation. Yet the Communists bungled nearly every opportunity.

WHY did Communism fail? The answer to this question bears on Mr. Chambers's second political contention—that the support of social reform inevitably plays into the hands of Communism. For the reason Communism failed was surely the fact that the New Deal showed that reform and recovery were possible within the framework of free institutions. At the time that Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss, Louis Budenz and Lee Pressman, and all the intellectuals of the *Modern Quarterly* and the *New Masses*, were certain that capitalism and democracy were absolutely finished, Franklin Roosevelt and the New Dealers, instead of beating their breasts and prophesying doom, took off their shirts and buckled down to the job of saving capitalism and democracy. By so doing, they restored the faith of the American people in the vitality of free government. By so doing they prevented American Communism from ever being anything more than a sordid sideshow for political *voyeurs*. It should be a political truism that Communism is the response, not to the potency, but to the impotence of democratic government. That is why Communism is strong today in France and in Italy, but weak in the very nations whose affirmative social policy Mr. Chambers regards with such abhorrence.

Mr. Chambers has some shrewd and intelligent things to say about "the Popular Front mind" and its influence among the intellectuals. But he errs when he identifies the Popular Front mind, which was a psychosis of the New York intellectual, with the New Deal mind, which was essentially concerned

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with trying to hold the American system together against economic crisis. The New Deal mind had its Popular Front version; there is, alas, something to Mr. Chambers's statement that "every move against the Communists was felt by the liberals as a move against themselves." But this was a consequence, not of the corruption of the New Deal, but of its innocence. Preoccupied with the day-to-day necessities of keeping the nation afloat, the New Dealers had little time for the intricacies of Soviet conspiracy; nor did any one demonstrate to them why they should take time away from pressing tasks for remote fantasies. Mr. Chambers is highly sardonic on the subject of Adolf Berle; but he forgets that he gave Mr. Berle everything but the evidence. He does state with candor that "once I had put documentary evidence in the Justice Department's hands, Hiss *was* promptly indicted; Thomas F. Murphy *was* chosen by the Government to try the case; Hiss *was* convicted and his appeal opposed and denied." But surely these facts are relevant to his larger judgment.

Nor does Mr. Chambers's contention that the New Dealers were psychologically disabled from opposing Communism have more than a fragment of validity; indeed, it is opposed by a good deal of the material in his own work. When Mr. Chambers describes the class lines opened up by the Hiss case, he writes, "It was, not invariably, but in general, the 'best people' who were for Alger Hiss and who were prepared to go to almost any length to protect and defend him." It would be news to Franklin Roosevelt that these same "best people" were among his own ardent supporters. Was John Foster Dulles, who got Hiss his Carnegie job, a passionate New Dealer? Were the unidentified steel magnates, department store owners, and Republican politicians, to whom Mr. Chambers alludes with natural resentment, zealous liberals? As for his own sympathizers, Mr. Chambers sums it up this way: "The inclusive fact about them is that, in contrast to the pro-Hiss rally, most of them, regardless of what they had made of themselves, came from the wrong side of the railroad tracks." These, after all, were the people who voted four times for the New Deal.

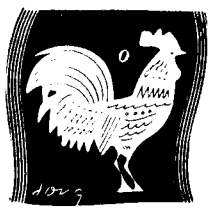
The politics of the Hiss case, in short, seem far more complicated, even by Mr. Chambers's own account, than some of his formulations suggest. For my own money Theodore Roosevelt was right, and not a Marxist dupe, when he said: "The more we condemn unadulterated Marxian Socialism, the stouter should be our insistence on thorough-going social reforms." For my own money the reformed Communist is too often like the reformed drunkard, preaching hoarsely that there is no middle ground between total abstinence and delirium tremens. But the normal man can take Government, like liquor, in moderation and benefit from it. Communism was the overwhelming experience of Mr. Chambers's life. It was not the overwhelming experience of America in this generation; and not everything is to be explained in terms of it.

BUT Mr. Chambers goes beyond politics to larger questions of philosophy and religion. Here he makes his most eloquent and deeply-felt testimony, and it is impossible to deny its earnestness and power. Communism, he says, is dominated by the vision of man's mind displacing God as the creative intelligence of the world: this is the ultimate sin of pride and the ultimate act of corruption. From this he concludes that the final division between the Communists and the anti-Communists turns on the issue of belief in God.

> At every point [he writes], religion and politics interlace, and must do so more acutely as the conflict between the two great camps of men—those who reject and those who worship God—becomes irrepressible. Those camps are not only outside, but also within nations.

I sympathize basically with this analysis of Communism. I concluded my book "The Age of Jackson" with Pascal's aphorism: "He who would act the angel acts the brute"; and I think that Whittaker Chambers, who reviewed "The Age of Jackson" for *Time*, knows how I stand on this matter. But Mr. Chambers, I believe, while he has the beast by the tail, does not name it correctly. The essential issue is not belief in God. It is rather the sense of human limitation, of human fallibility, of what he himself calls the "mortal incompleteness" of man. And the tragedy of religion is that belief in God is by no means a guarantee of humility.

The whole record of history, indeed, gives proof that a belief in God has created human vanity as overweening and human arrogance as intolerable as the vanity and arrogance of the Communists. Mr. Chambers mentions Dostoievsky. But has he ever pondered the significance of the Grand Inquisitor? Was it just accident that Dostoievsky chose the officer of a church as his symbol of the conviction and corruption of infallibility? Mr. Chambers admires Reinhold Niebuhr; but he seems to have forgotten Niebuhr's re-



Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SEEING RED

The following quiz concerns ten red-haired characters emblazoned on the pages of literature. Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify them. Allowing five points for each character named and another five for either the story or the author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 45.

1. He was paid five pounds a week for eight weeks to copy the Encyclopedia Britannica because, so he was told, he had the right shade of red hair.
2. This redhead sat upon a throne of rubies and was called the Good Witch.
3. After being crowned King of Kafristan, this red-haired adventurer lost his head.
4. The flaming hair of this sadistic North Cornwall art collector always stood on end.
5. This Pittsburgh redhead went to work as a chambermaid, became a favorite of the family, and later a stockholder in their steel corporation.
6. Although he failed to cure himself of alcoholism, as he had hoped, this red-haired young man succeeded in giving a meaningful name to a little Ohio girl.
7. When this notorious redhead attempted to donate fifty dollars to a Civil War hospital, she was ordered to leave.
8. He was for a time in the unique position of having to contribute to the world an entire generation, probably redheads.
9. The devotion of a young savage greatly mystified this worthless beachcomber until he realized, to his horror, that the savage wanted only his head because of his red whiskers.
10. This cook at the Casa da Bonnyfeather had brilliant red hair, much fat, and eleven children.

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peated warnings that no human being —nor human church—is safe from the flux and relativity of human existence, and that religion confronts fallible and prideful man with some of his gravest temptations. Mr. Chambers himself hears voices; so did Joan of Arc; but so did Hitler.

To divide the world between those who reject God and those who worship God would put some curious people in Mr. Chambers's camp. "It is not at all chance," he writes, "that both the Chamberses and the Hisses, arriving over very different routes, should at last have found their way into the community of Quakers." So? Then Quakerism, far from chastening the spirit of the Hisses and of Noel Field, only strengthened their Communist dedication. Many Fascists and Communists have found a belief in their own infallibility entirely compatible with a belief in God; while many people who have not believed in God have had a profound sense of humility and contrition. It would be a narrow view which would welcome such believers as General Franco and the Grand Inquisitor and Ivan the Terrible into the community of freedom, but would bar many decent, humble people who have no pretensions to certainty about the absolute. I know that it is fashionable to say today, as Mr. Chambers suggests, or as Mr. Justice Douglas (a New Dealer!) put it the other week, that "we are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being." But it is notable that the word God does not appear in the Constitution of the United States; and history would support the opposing contention of Mr. Justice Jackson—"The day that this country ceases to be free for irreligion, it will cease to be free for religion."

It is also fashionable today, as part of the demand for absolute, immutable, external standards, to blame the ills of the world on pragmatism. Relativism, it is said, inevitably leads to totalitarianism, while absolute values provide the only basis for resisting totalitarianism. But logic in these matters is easy. It can be argued quite as logically that only those who believe in absolute values can achieve the conviction of infallibility which permits tyranny and murder; and that, if there is anything from which the pragmatist flinches, it is the hypostatization of his own tentative, fragmentary, and incomplete views into dogmatic fanaticism. The fact is that here logic is no guide. We are reduced to observation and experience. Some pragmatists have a sense of human limitation; some do not. To argue in the face of experience that belief infallibly creates humility and pragmatism infallibly creates totalitarianism is to revive the logic of Torquemada.

PETER VIERECK cried "Enough of Toughmindedness!" a few weeks ago on these pages. But he seem to have forgotten what William James meant by the word "tough-minded." James did not mean a callous indifference to human suffering. He meant the fidelity to concrete facts which issues in pluralism and skepticism. And by "tender-minded" he meant the fidelity to abstract principle which issues in monism and dogmatism. Only the tender-minded, for whom human life is less important than absolute dogma, can easily destroy life in the name of dogma; and it is the Communists who are the tender-minded, if the hard-hearted, of our day. Our world is more threatened, in my judgment, by the tender-mindedness of absolutism than by the tough-mindedness of pragmatism.

When Mr. Chambers demands belief in God as the first credential, he is surely skating near the edge of an arrogance of his own. He has forgotten the Grand Inquisitor; he has forgotten his reading in Dr. Niebuhr. For Niebuhr's conception of history involves no herding of mankind into worshippers and rejectors. His conception allows, as Mr. Chambers's does not, for the fanatical believer. It calls on all non-worshippers or rejectors to be tentative and experimental in history and humble and contrite before the mystery which lies beyond history. It is aware that the vanity of belief may be as corrupting as the vanity of atheism. Mr. Chambers's conception of the fellowship of the righteous seems at times almost as exclusive as that of the Communist fellowship he has foresworn.

"Witness" is the impressive and searching record of one man's experience. It is an invaluable account of the Communist conspiracy in the United States. In the long run, I suspect and hope, Mr. Chambers's dogmas in politics and philosophy will recede, like the dogmas of Henry Adams and Lincoln Steffens. What will remain is a personal testament of enduring significance.

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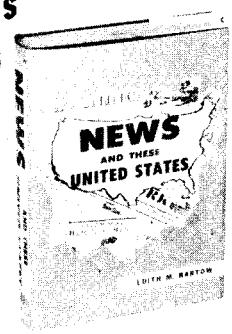

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The Film Forum

THE WORLD OF ADOLESCENTS

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films

THE HIGH WALL. *Produced by New World Productions under the joint sponsorship of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the Illinois State Dept. of Mental Health, and the Columbia Foundation. Distributed for purchase by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y. Available for rental from the Anti-Defamation League, 212 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. (32 min.)*

Gang fights among teen-agers often have roots that go beyond the restlessness of youth, to prejudices and "walls" inflicted upon them in their earliest years. The film begins with such a fight, in which two boys are stabbed and taken to the hospital. To find the roots of the "infections," a psychiatrist and social worker investigate the homes in which the boys were reared. They learn on the one hand that Peter Zenwicz is a second-generation American whose hard-working, closely-knit family still preserves many characteristics of its Polish origin. Tom Gregory, however, is a "100 per cent American" whose personally frustrated father and weak mother have subjected him to harsh discipline, narrow thinking, and a general scape-goat philosophy. Flash-backs of Tom's early childhood show his father exacting complete obedience, complaining about "foreigners" who push their way ahead, while his mother forbids him to play with the little boys down the street and generally restricts his activities. Tom's sister Laura escaped most of the damaging effects of this home environment, and as she grew up she was able to rebel against it openly and without fear. When she agreed to go to a party at Peter Zenwicz's home one evening, she did so because she really liked him. Tom and his crowd, having nothing to do on their own, broke in on the party and started the fight that ended in an ambulance trip.

"The High Wall" comes the closest of any film yet made to actually showing some of the basic origins and meanings of prejudice. The film ends on a constructive note, urging parents to help their children know and like individuals of different backgrounds, to give them an opportunity to express pent-up resentments harmlessly through competitive play and creative activities, and to provide them with a secure basis for self-confident maturity through warmth, openness, and affection.

"The High Wall," aside from its many other rewarding qualities, is fortunate in having most of its narration read by Irving Pichel, who also plays the role of the inquiring psychiatrist, and whose comfortable voice is a decided asset to the film. Dr. Ralph Greenson was the psychiatric consultant, and the film was directed by Michael Road. "The High Wall" is an all-around fine film, well developed in its concepts, adequately enacted, and highly suitable for discussion programs.

ARE YOU READY FOR SERVICE? *A series of fourteen films produced and distributed by Coronet Films, Coronet Bldg., Chicago 1, Illinois. (Each about 10 minutes.)*

These films are for use with boys of high school and junior college age, giving them some ideas about the why's and wherefore's of military life and its relationship to good citizenship. Titles are: "What It's All About," "Your Plans," "Service and Citizenship," "Starting Now," "Getting Ready Physically," "Getting Ready Emotionally," "Getting Ready Morally," "The Nation to Defend," "What Are the Military Services?," "When You Enter Service," "Military Life and You," "Communism," "Your Investment in the Future," and "Why You?". Undoubtedly the films meet a real need for information and understanding. The two productions I have seen are informative, but routine as far as spirit and film techniques are concerned.

SELF-CONSCIOUS GUY. *Produced and distributed by Coronet Films, see above. (10 min., color or black and white.)*

This is a dramatization of how one high school boy gets over being self-conscious by learning how to turn off the spot light he imagines is on him most of the time. The film is more didactic than discussion-provoking, but certainly of use on the high school level for which it is intended.

FEELING LEFT OUT. *Produced and distributed by Coronet Films, see above. (13 min., color or black and white.)*

A teen-age boy is helped to find individual friends of his own instead of tagging around after a small gang that isn't interested in him. As in the preceding film, the ideas are generally good and the treatment uninspired.

THE OUTSIDER. *Produced by Centron Productions. Distributed for purchase only by Young America Films, 18 East 41st St., New York 17, N. Y. (10 min.)*

There's a little more liveliness in this story of a school girl who doesn't know how to "belong"—probably because it deals more with problem situations than with their solutions. Although the acting and script leave much to be desired, there is a basic structure here which seems likely to evoke good emotional participation and to arouse eagerness for discussing the problems pictured. All of which is certainly to the good. Although intended for adolescents themselves, the film should be equally provocative and interesting to their parents and teachers.

—CECILE STARR.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 23*)

makes for a story rich in narrative suspense and moral bite.

Ullman writes with fervor and economy. He successfully resists any impulse to let his lush background degenerate into gaudy backdrops running wild with picturesque detail. The people of Papaan emerge as human beings desiring nothing more than the common decencies of existence. In return they have to offer their own merits of simplicity and gentleness, their special challenge to the ethics of the West, and profound lessons in strategy to globe-gazers in swivel chairs. A world, they suggest, can be lost for a rice field.

Fiction Notes

THE ELEGANT WITCH. By Robert Neill. Doubleday. $3.50. Robert Neill's first novel is a colorful tale of a witchhunt in seventeenth-century Lancashire. According to the jacket the author's hobby is witchcraft, and therein lies some disappointment for readers of his novel, for there is almost nothing about the dark arts in the book. There are no boiling cauldrons, no secrets revealed, not even a single appearance of the Devil. If this can be forgiven, however, there is enough excitement and horror to please most people.

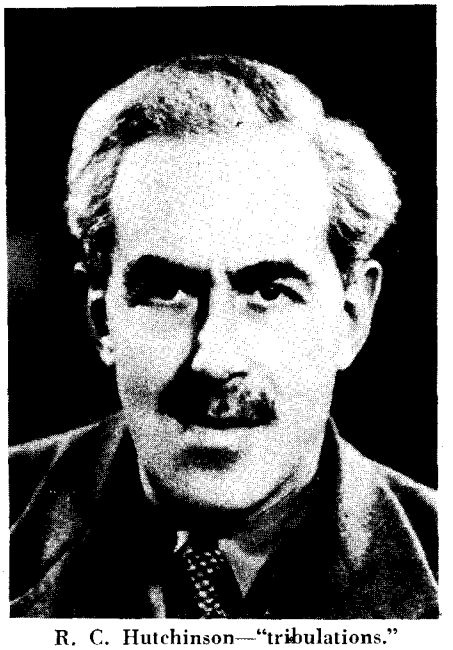
The witches of Robert Neill are pathetic, hungry, mentally unbalanced women for the most part, more bedeviled by their neighbors than bedeviling. The exception is a seventeenth-century village social climber, the elegant one, whose magic is poison and murder of those standing in the way of her rise in station.

Puritan Margery Whitaker, after suffering more abuse from her stern brothers than she deserves, comes to live with her cousin, Roger Nowell, King's Justice for the County, in Pendle Forest. Cousin Roger, no puritan at heart, buys the girl a wardrobe that must have been the dream-fulfilment of any young lady of the time, and about which the author goes into much detail, employs her as his clerk, and thereafter the witchhunt begins. Roger and Margery perform from then on almost exactly as do the detectives and Girl Fridays of radio stories, tracking down clues regarding new and old deaths in the neighborhood, suffering harrowing escapes from destruction, seeing to it that a couple of old witches are knocked around and put in stocks, and good-naturedly allowing a hated Papist priest to escape being hanged and drawn. In retaliation the witches hiss, spit, slap, claw, fling dung, and desecrate graves. Naturally, of course, Margery finds a sweetheart in the midst of the chase.

The respectable characters in the story are almost all a hateful lot, cruel, selfish, and fanatic. At times even the kind hearts and noble motives of Roger and Margery seem doubtful. Mr. Neill has packed his volume with detail about the period. There is a magnificent description of a Christmas Eve party of the period. The accounts of the witch trials ring true and have a sinister quality that is no doubt authentic. There is more than enough evidence that Mr. Neill knows his period, detests its cruelty and poverty, yet admires its color and excitement. He gives you much of all that, and he does it in a style that is not lacking in charm and grace.

—ROBERT TALLANT.

JOURNEY WITH STRANGERS. By R. C. Hutchinson. Rinehart. $4. Mr. Hutchinson's new novel is about the tribulations of a Polish family during the successive Nazi and Russian occupations. Despite the fact that it is, as he says, based on fact and on documents seen by him, the total impression the book leaves with me is one of maudlin inconsequence. This is not at all attributable to Mr. Hutchinson's professional competence, which is considerable, but rather to his sense of proportion, or of importance—to the things and people he believes to be important. To come to the point, Stefanie Kolbeck, narrator of the tale, focus of her creator's deepest sympathies and seen by him as a great



R. C. Hutchinson—"tribulations."

How to send a 7-year-old boy through Oxford

Holiday's editor recently had lunch with Joyce Cary, at the novelist's home in Oxford. The discussion turned toward contemporary standards at Oxford, whether or not today's students did as well as those of other days.

"Generally, yes," said Mr. Cary. "There probably are more failures today, not because the level of intelligence is down, but because the habit of reading was not established early in life. Where books have been in the home, available to the child at a fairly early age—where reading has been possible—the student acquires a power of understanding and expression which is vital to success in any study or profession. It is by reading that children learn the words for their own ideas."

Exposure to good writing at an early age is a help through life as well as through Oxford. In the United States today, some of the best writing is appearing in magazines, some of the very best in Holiday. And Holiday, because it is a combination of prose and pictures, provides a particularly happy way of weaning youngsters from the dangerous mental undernourishment of the comic book, onto an invigorating diet of the English language, beautifully prepared and served.

A succulent sample is the June issue, now on the stands. In it you'll find such writers as Ludwig Bemelmans, S. J. Perelman, Philip Van Doren Stern, Phil Stong and Joe McCarthy.

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Of Time and Space

The Saturday Review's Guide to Science Fantasy Fiction

Title and Author	*Theme*	*Handling*	*Rating*
DESTINATION UNIVERSE *A. E. Van Vogt* (Pellegrini & Cudahy: $3)	Ten shorts, no two on the same theme; selection from the author's work.	Pulp stories that should make the slicks ashamed of themselves.	All the best of Van Vogt
GALAXY READER OF SCIENCE FICTION *Ed. by H. L. Gold* (Crown: $3.50)	King-size anthology from a single magazine; various themes.	Originality the trade mark; writing uneven; some stories too long.	The reason why *Galaxy* ranks high
INVADERS OF EARTH *Ed. by Groff Conklin* (Vanguard: $2.95)	Earth invaded, sometimes beneficially, sometimes disastrously, in shorts from various hands.	Mostly good; emphasis on varied types of thinking on the subject.	Usual smooth Conklin job
THE ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGY *Ed. by John W. Campbell* (Simon & Schuster: $3.95)	Selection of what the old master of editors considers best from his magazine.	Emphasis on the ideas discussed; characterization often wobbly.	A-1, but for specialists only
JACK OF EAGLES *James Blish* (Greenberg: $2.75)	Hero with "wild talents" struggles with villains who would steal all our tomorrows.	Incredible rendered almost credible by smooth work.	Supermen are a bore
WHO GOES THERE? *John W. Campbell, Jr.* (Shasta, $3)	Title story, invasion of earth; rest shorts, mostly of cosmic doom.	Title story intensely realistic; rest tend to be talky.	Buy it for the classic title story
GREEN HILLS OF EARTH *Robert A. Heinlein* (Shasta, $3)	Shorts; second volume of "future history" series, about events on earth and in space.	Accomplished.	Classics for fans and non-fans
SHIP OF DESTINY *Henry J. Slater* (Crowell, $2.75)	Most of drowned world leaves behind a liner and its passengers.	Slightly hysterical and not very convincing.	Hardly worth the trouble
TOMORROW THE STARS *Ed. by Robert A. Heinlein* (Doubleday, $2.95)	14 shorts; time-slip, time travel, space travel, earth invasion, far planets, etc.	Emphasis on human qualities and human reactions.	Top-notch anthology
TRAVELERS OF SPACE *Ed. by Martin Greenberg* (Gnome, $3.95)	14 shorts, one article, illustrations about life on other planets than this.	Emphasis on ingenuity of idea.	Good picture of other worlds
TALES FROM UNDERWOOD *David H. Keller* (Arkham, $3.95)	Shorts, showing Keller as writer of science fiction, fantasy, and psychiatric stories.	Method of story-telling tends to be old-fashioned, with much synopsis.	Stories stand up well despite age
THE ELEGANT WITCH *Robert Neill* (Doubleday, $3.50)	Real witchcraft in seventeenth-century England—or is it real?	Somewhat slow-paced for sf fans, but convincing and with good characters.	Long, thought-provoking novel
BEYOND THE END OF TIME *Ed. by Frederik Pohl* (Permabooks, 35¢)	Nineteen stories, on various science fiction themes, no two on the same.	Almost no soft spots in this fine collection.	Good pickings
THE SWORD OF CONAN *Robert E. Howard* (Gnome, $2.75)	Further adventures of indestructible and thick-headed hero in never-never land.	Sententious blood-and-thunder.	Why doesn't somebody kill Conan?

—FLETCHER PRATT.

and tragic figure, is actually, it seems to me, a tiresome and fuzzy-minded bore, wringing her hands and mourning the good old days of feudal grandeur. For the tragedy of Poland, as Stefanie tells it, is that the great aristocratic landed families, the Kolbecks, were reduced to peasant level. And thus the whole machinery of this novel, as it follows Stefanie's heart-broken account of the displacement of the Kolbeck family, is calculated to stir up our sense of outraged justice as we suffer with the Kolbecks.

But the sense does not stir because, incredibly enough, we are being asked to weep—not for the plundered and murdered Polish people (who are here shadowy spear-holders in the main drama), not for the stamped-out Jews of Poland (who do not appear at all), not for the populace enslaved by one and then another master—but for the ancestral estates that were torn from the ancestral owners, and for the mighty General Kolbecks who were shorn by fate of their might. Having read in history, without tears, of a king who once said, "L'etat, c'est moi," how now can we weep for the petty kings who believed in all sincerity that they were Poland? The book has a strange, anachronistic flavor about it. It has the wrong hero, although the villains are right enough. Its approach to the recent history that gave it birth is so narrow in sympathies, and the behavior of the people it champions—General Kolbeck, his son Victor, his daughter-in-law Stefanie—is so often absurd, that one may wonder at the documents its writer consulted. There must be better available accounts of the war in Poland.

—NATHAN ROTHMAN.

THE JUGGLER. By Michael Blankfort. Little, Brown. $3. Now we have a detective-mystery story about Israel, and it is certainly superior to 90 per cent of the same type of writing that is to be found even in the better class of mystery being published in the United States. Mr. Blankfort has a respect for the English language, he has a feeling for character, and his sense of narrative is beyond that of the run-of-the-mill fictioneer.

The story of "The Juggler" revolves around Hans Muller, an ex-inmate of a Nazi concentration camp, a former juggler, who has lost his wife and children to the Hitler butchers, and has just landed in Israel. He is mentally unbalanced because of his domestic tragedy, and in a fit of madness severely beats a policeman. Convinced that he has killed the officer, and fearing that if caught he will be

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executed or imprisoned again, he takes to the road. After a series of engrossing adventures, he is caught up with by Ben Yehuda, a detective. Hans is ready to fight it out with him, but when he learns that the police officer is alive, he surrenders, sure that the good people of the *kibbutz* and of all Israel will stand by him.

Mr. Blankfort obviously knows Israel, its people, and its various modes of life. His book would have been richer had he made greater use of this knowledge, and devoted less skill to the story proper, which is so neatly complicated that at times it appears to be machine-made. There is too much suspense, not enough analysis. There is too much elaboration and involvement of incidents, not enough illumination.

"The Juggler" has its faults, but it also has its virtues—many of them—and it is well worth reading. There have been very few readable books about life in Israel, and this one is easily among the better ones.

—CHARLES ANGOFF.

BRAVE INTERVAL. By Elizabeth Yates. Coward-McCann. $3. The regenerative power of communion with nature and horses provides the theme for this innocuous little inspirational story. If, Miss Yates would have us believe, troubled mortals would just get out in the Great Outdoors, preferably on a horse, and let the winds blow on them, they would find themselves thinking more clearly and their troubles blowing away. The troubled mortals in this case are Con, who was nursing her grief over the death of her son; Nicky, who is young, and John, who is probably going to die; Kent, who is jealously suspicious of his wife; and Maggie who is a nurse. The untroubled ones are the guide and the horses. The Great Outdoors are the wilder reaches of the

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Jabez Wilson, in "The Red-Headed League," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 2. Glinda, in "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," by L. Frank Baum. 3. Daniel Dravot, in "The Man Who Would Be King," by Rudyard Kipling. 4. Mr. Crispin, in "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair," by Hugh Walpole. 5. Mary Rafferty, in "The Valley of Decision," by Marcia Davenport. 6. The Stranger, in "Tandy" (from "Winesburg, Ohio"), by Sherwood Anderson. 7. Belle Watling, in "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell. 8. Homer Adam, in "Mr. Adam," by Pat Frank. 9. Christopher Alexander Pellett, in "The Price of the Head," by John Russell. 10. Great Angela Guessippi, in "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.

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Great Smokies. Off they go into these and before they come back all their troubles are resolved. The particular set of miracles by which this is effected seems a little hazy to me. Maybe I need to get out there, as Miss Yates says.

THREE LIVES OF ELIZABETH. By Shirley Seifert. Lippincott. $3.50. The "three lives" of the title are those which Elizabeth Moss led with three successive husbands. The time is pre-Civil War; the places, frontier Missouri and Washington, D. C. Basing her tale on actual historical figures Miss Seifert has attempted to make her heroine as lovely as she was glamorous. Unfortunately Elizabeth Moss intractably remains a stupidly ambitious and avaricious woman whose sole claim to fame and your interest is the fact that she married three men of distinction. The background is liberally supplied with woman's magazine descriptions of settings and costumes. The style is a little fervid: characters never "say" anything; they "moan," "wail," "remonstrate" or "declare," which gets tiring after a while.

THE HOUSE OF SHANAHAN. By Roger B. Dooley. Doubleday. $3. Let's see now. There's Rose, who married that handsome policeman, Steve. And Cousin Isabel who married a Protestant, older than her but rich, and who had that shameful affair with Gene. And Genevieve who was married to Dennis, the bootlegger, but in love with Philip. Dennis meanwhile being in love with Noreen, the adopted daughter of Rose's cousin Ag. . . . I'm afraid you'll have to keep a score card if you want to get all the characters straight. Mr. Dooley doesn't help much. He writes in a flat unemphatic prose and his cardboard characters are indistinguishable except for the fact that they wear different names. There are some fairly good atmospheric shots of Buffalo in the middle Twenties, and what plot there is concerns the Roman Catholic attitude toward divorce. Mr. Dooley doesn't seem quite to have made up his mind what he wants to say about that except to approve of it. Beyond that the only impression he leaves is that the House of Shanahan was a pretty untidy place emotionally.

PRESCRIPTION FOR MARRIAGE. By Mary Brinker Post. Julian Messner. $3. Laurie Joyce, forty, attractive, in love with her husband and devoted to her children, takes one of those slow backward looks at twenty years of married life. Women, in novels, like to do this, and what usually happens is they get all misty-eyed thinking about how miserable they were and decide "it was all worth it." Mrs. Post avoids that cliché nicely. Laurie had had a good life with Martin; she and he had had fun and enjoyed their life and their marriage; the children had been a joy and a comfort. Of course there was that time when Martin had become infatuated with Virginia Warren, but they'd weathered that one and Martin had returned to his former self. Otherwise there had been very little excitement, and the surprising thing is that Mrs. Post has made a very pleasant story out of it all, relaxing as a cup of tea on an unhurried afternoon.

THE WING AND THE THORN. By Roxane Cotsakis. Tupper & Love, Atlanta. $3.75. The melting pot, which drew so many immigrants to American shores at the close of the last century, didn't, Miss Cotsakis suggests, melt away differences quite so easily as the glib phrase would have us believe. This is the story of Yannie Pantellis who came here from Greece to make his fortune, made it, founded a family, built himself a solid position in a Greek-American community, but had considerable difficulty in finding his true allegiance, his real place in the new world. Part of Yannie's difficulty was his swift sensitivity to the rebuffs he initially received, part was a desperate striving to hold to a past seen through flattering mists of memory. Miss Cotsakis has told his story and its successful resolution with a wealth of affectionate and colorful detail. Her prose is serviceable rather than distinguished, but she has brought her considerable gallery of characters, their costumes, customs, and conceits clearly before us.

SEPTEMBER IN QUINZE. By Vivian Connell. Dial. $3. This rococo cocktail snack has to do with some hedonistic voluptuaries at a famous gambling resort on the French seacoast—coyly disguised as Quinze—and was, I suspect, written in scented ink. The characters, all warmed-over strays from an old Huysmans novel, include an Arabian king, an American tennis star and an American bean tycoon, a White Russian, a philosophical Spanish smuggler, and some Italian and French gigolos. Very cosmopolitan. There is also an assortment of pimps, prostitutes, perverts, and poodles. Don't overlook the poodles. Between frequent and elegant sorties with boudoir sex, everyone broods on the sorrows of being rich, the sad taste of the world, and the equally sad state of their souls. This is supposed to conceal from the reader that what he is reading is an extended description of a strip-tease with an aphrodisiac content of zero. The million or more readers who have been waiting for Mr. Connell to repeat "The Chinese Room" can now step up to the box-office. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

"Here's an item of interest, Sam—the country club's annual banquet and masquerade ball is tonight."

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
READY TO HANG *Robert Tallant* (Harper :$3)	Seven factual New Orleans murders, from 1883 to 1933, dissected by a native son.	Treatment occasionally repetitious and diffuse; cases will be brand-new to most outsiders; good variety.	Run of the morgue
THE IVORY GRIN *John Ross Macdonald* (Knopf: $2.50	Peeper Lew Archer (L. A. area) trails subject gal to death rendezvous and uncovers hornet's nest of homicide.	Toughie model with convertible top (no broken teeth or thumbed eyes); pace fast, writing fluent.	Good
A CENTURY OF MURDER *John Rowland* (Roy: $3.50)	Sixteen true British slaughters, from 1840 to 1945, at least half of them old hat to devotees.	Telling marred by stylistic flaws and author's total disregard of suspense factor.	Infuriating
THE JUDAS GOAT *Leslie Edgley* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Pacific ghost-writer attends own funeral, lays low to dodge murder rap, leaps from jam to jam before innocence is proved.	Characters all victims of elaborately contrived plotting (by author); complications mar otherwise sound performance.	Hop—skip—jump
MURDER, REPEAT MURDER *Allan MacKinnon* (Crime Club: $2.50)	British movie outfit, planning to film unsolved murder, runs into real thing, tripled; Yard wraps up all four.	Cops and civilians real people; treatment pleasant, but script is overpopulated and effect too panoramic.	Adult job
THE WATER-SPLASH *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.50)	British youth returns to old homestead and big trouble; Miss Silver, amateur, and Inspector Abbott put heads together.	Author's 48th entry adheres to pattern of predecessors; not too exciting, but professional as Miss Silver's knitting.	Standard
DEATH AND LITTLE BROTHER *Clifford Knight* (Dutton: $2.50)	Youth and dowager in Lake Tahoe colony slain while newsman Mike Riley vacations; he and locals take puzzle over.	Folks, setting, story nicely handled; rather placid pace is main fly in Grade A ointment.	Plus mark
THE KEY TO NICHOLAS STREET *Stanley Ellin* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	York State siren (paints pictures) konks out; next-door neighbors' doings interest police chief no end.	"Ring and Book" technique (five narrators) effective in bringing background into foreground.	Nice specialty
THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE *Ferguson Findley* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.75)	Korean vet, sightseeing N. Y., collides with Red plot, tries one-man solution; vital statistics: five deaths, one marriage.	Dialogue profane (which is takable) and flippant (which isn't); yarn not up to author's previous pair.	No must
THE DARKENING DOOR *Bill S. Ballinger* (Harper: $2.50)	Female hophead involves odd assortment of New Yorkers in web of her own spinning; no killings, but something just as good.	Parade of events has Dreiserish relentlessness and impact; starkly earnest story; characters realistic and uniformly unpleasant.	Gripper
THE GALLOWS IN MY GARDEN *Richard Deming* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Heiress calls in Operator Manny Moon to forestall sudden death somewhere in U. S.; he doesn't, but does snag killer.	Much question-and-answer routine, but effect is not too lively; personnel largely stock figures.	No medals
THE CLOCK THAT WOULDN'T STOP *E. X. Ferrars* (Crime Club: $2.50)	English adviser-to-love-lorn visits aunt's seaside lodging-house; so does violent death; Inspector Gaffron handles it.	Heavy doses of atmosphere, oddish people, impede flow of story.	Dullish
DEATH GOES TO A REUNION *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Faked suicide at get-together of 1911 alumnae on New England isle fails to fool Selectman Elisha Macomber.	Ladies lively for age and occasionally vicious; young people, graying gents, provide fitting contrast.	Ingenious

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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AMERICANA

(*Continued from page 18*)

of only one man's wisdom and opinion.

As a European, Ballard emphasizes more than most American historians Lincoln's peculiar handicaps: the lack of experienced officers or staff-tradition, the rawness of his levies, the disaffection of the Northern Democrats, the whole hullabaloo of the Washington scene. For the first three years of the war the military establishment supplied him with generals who could not stand the sight of blood, remained locked in camp, supplied him (and themselves) with grossly inaccurate intelligence reports, or despairingly ordered clumsy frontal assaults which resulted in enormous, needless casualties. Is it any wonder that Lincoln —a man of much temper—felt forced to step in again and again to "meddle" with the "professionals?" It's the idea of this book to justify the President in detail from a military point of view, and to end these criticisms forever.

The battle-diagrams in Ballard's study are reliable and excellent, where Williams's has none. And apparently the English general possesses a strong bias in favor of America in addition to his admiration of Lincoln, for in his introductory remarks he describes the Electoral College ("a somewhat complicated process") as a means of "basing the election on the popular vote of the whole country," when, of course, it was invented for just the contrary reason. Although he never loses sight of the whole effort (nor commits the cardinal sin of underrating Grant), Ballard's heart is with Lincoln—and that's where it belongs.

—PETER RITNER.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF U. S. GRANT. World Publishing Co. $6. The Civil War could not have been won without Grant. The Union had generals who showed that Lee could be defeated—McClellan at Antietam and Meade at Gettysburg—but neither of these generals was capable of punishing the Confederates in a follow-up action, and neither of these "victories" was on Southern soil. In the meantime the determination of the North to carry on the war sagged in the balance. The anti-Lincoln Northern Democrats were patriotic men; many Army officers, like McClellan, were among them. But they believed it simply impossible to defeat a spirited clever enemy on his own ground. It was not until Grant's electric campaign before Vicksburg that the common man understood that the deed could be done, that the war someday would be over. And ultimately, by pinning Lee down before Richmond, forcing him to concentrate his command, and pushing through him, Grant did finish it off.

Grant wrote these memoirs while expiring from a deep cancer in order to pay off debts tossed him by a swindler-partner. Although the work has been out of print for years, historians have mined it thoroughly, leaving no surprises for present-day readers. Still obscure are details of Grant's personal battle with liquor, the lapse at Shiloh (where Grant was

nine miles away on the other side of the river when the action commenced), the clumsy assault on Cold Harbor in 1864 (periodic "cold" intervals were characteristic of Grant as a general), and the order to remove George Thomas, withdrawn after that general annihilated Hood's army at Nashville.

But as a literary document and a reservoir of "color," the book has been incomprehensibly neglected. Grant has left us a picture of the Mexican War—in which so many friends and antagonists met for the first time—which is unique; it is found nowhere else. (Grant believed that the Mexican War was an effort of criminal imperialism, forced on the United States Government by the greedy Southern states, and that it was directly responsible—by upsetting the North-South balance—for the Rebellion.) Grant has a style which is reminiscent of Churchill's; here we find the sonorous, amiable periods suddenly punctuated by a wry crack. Perhaps this is accounted for by the similiarity of the two careers, since both greatly gifted men had the experience, in the prime of life, of being put on the shelf—presumably forever. Moreover, Grant is a very wise man. Listen to him on rebellion in general:

> Now, the right of revolution is an inherent one. When people are oppressed by their government, it is a natural right they enjoy to relieve themselves of the oppression, if they are strong enough, either by withdrawal from it, or by overthrowing it and substituting a government more acceptable. But any people or part of a people who resort to this remedy, stake their lives, their property, and every claim for protection given by citizenship—on this issue. Victory, or the conditions imposed by the conqueror—must be the result.

This is Grant, representative of the genius God gives men who possess the gift of common-sense.

—P. R.

PISTOL PETE: Veteran of the Old West. By Frank Eaton. Little, Brown. $4. This "autobiography" was ghost-written by Eva Gillhouse. But, says Eaton (Pistol Pete), "it's all true—and I'll back her up with both guns."

If it weren't for that statement, one might be tempted to review this volume as a mixture of fact and fiction, a sort of imaginative reconstruction of a half-legendary past. Thus considered, the book has points. It moves briskly, is amusing and sometimes catches the spirit of the old Southwest (though one would like more on food, clothing, Indian-white relations, and the like). The many imaginary conversations, although indifferently done, make for easy reading. At the same time, they add a note of unreality to the volume.

How well does a man remember after sixty years? Eaton can do better than most; but there are limits. Take, for example, his account of his service as deputy marshal under "Hanging Judge" Isaac C. Parker. We need books about the famous deputy marshal, but actually Eaton made very few trips for Parker and only one is written up in detail. Being very young, Eaton served under others. Perhaps, like most young assistants to the older deputies, he served without an official commission. It is hard to tell, for this book confuses marshals and deputy marshals, deputy marshals and posses.

Other points at random: Eaton could hardly in the 1880's have met the son of the man who had killed two Daltons in the Coffeyville bank robbery. (The robbery was in 1892.) Nor do reliable sources say that Eaton and other of "Belle Starr's friends hung her killer to a tree with her own lariat." And the story that involves Pat Garrett contains much fiction.

Some will say that the errors do not really matter, that the book should be treated with respect as the entertaining work of an old pioneer. But, since the account is labelled authentic, the reader is entitled to a word of warning. More important, it should be remembered that the frontier has much to do with our American heritage. To understand that heritage, and use it wisely, we should have a correct idea as to what the frontier was really like.

—FRED HARVEY HARRINGTON.

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(Continued on page 50)

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DARTMOUTH 8 MILES, 18th century elegance, completely modernized, 3 bedrooms. 100 acres. Swim*ming. Grand piano. Secluded. August—October* $300. Box K-755.

CATSKILLS, near Margaretville. 2 secluded furnished houses. Swimming pool. $1,500-$1,000 season. Refined tenants. Telephone GRamercy 5-1717 (NYC) or write Box K-738.

ON PRIVATE ESTATE: Secluded "Hansel and Gretel" cottage for 2 adults. 55 miles NYC. $500 season. Box K-719.

COOL SAN FRANCISCO. Furnished house—3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Box K-733.

PINE HILL, N. Y. 7-room house for summer rental. All conveniences. Box K-464.

VACATIONS

NAIDNI ON DUNMORE, Brandon, Vt. "Homely," *comfortable house,* good food. Spring-time in Vermont—worth seeing. No planned entertainment.

FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING BUNGALOWS of the *better type. Delightfully private yet near so much* in the Poconos. Choice mountain setting. Automatic oil heat, electric equipped. Seasonal or monthly rentals. Alma G. Jackson, Mountainhome, Pa.

DAVID RANDOLPH and THE RANDOLPH SINGERS will be at SOUTHWIND for Decoration Day Weekend. Southwind, Woodbourne 2, N. Y.

COLONIAL CHARM, luscious food, casual and intimate—amidst woods and trout stream—swimming, horses, golf nearby — country auctions — summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn. Telephone Litchfield 93W1.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxa*tion in quiet* CAPE COD seaport village. Beach, shore drives, beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theatres. THE BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Mass. Booklet.

WEST ROAD INN, located in a mid-Massachusetts hill town. A small conservative guest house. Ideal for writing, painting or rest. May 15 to November. Write: Mrs. P. A. Young, Petersham, Mass.

ARLBERG INN, Laconia 2, N. H. Small, friendly, country inn. Scenic, quiet, restful. Heartwarming *hospitality, scrumptious food. $45.50—$49, weekly;* meals included. Folder.

CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Near Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow and Berkshire Playhouse. Private 3-mile lake, swimming, boating, tennis, etc., on grounds. Rustic lodge and cabins. Good food, moderate rates, informal. 28th season. Folder S.

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GARDENIA LODGE, Plympton, Nova Scotia. Bathing, fishing, excellent meals. Reservations.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Dog-tooth violets. Trout fishing. Brandon, Vt. Telephone 104W3.

VACATIONS

ROCKYWOLD in Somerset, BERMUDA. A secluded guest house and cottages for 11 guests who seek restful surroundings and excellent food. On cliff swept by ocean breezes. Private beach. Breakfast, dinner, with light lunch. Rates and reservations: Don Towers, Cheshire, Conn.

BRIDGE ROAD FARM, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, offers unusual vacations, home-grown food.

WILDERNESS TRAIL TRIPS *hiking and riding.* Havasu Canyon, Gem of the Grand Canyon, ten 8-day trips, May into June from $115 including transportation. JOHN MUIR TRAIL, California Sierra Nevada, *July into September. 7 days from* $60. Write WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS, 1940 Hearst Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

VACATION SUGGESTION—Enjoy Berkshire's cultural activities, scenic beauty. Pre-season rates. Write FESTIVAL HOUSE, Lenox, Mass. Telephone 8107.

ESCAPE . . . PEACE. Writers, artists, professionals will find these at our farm in Catskills. Wonderful food too. LILAC FARM, R.D. 2, Gilboa, N. Y. Telephone Grand Gorge 5665.

LANIER-ON-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Good beds, good food, salt water swimming. Small Inn, rustic *cabins. Old world charm. Late June to early* September.

AWAY FROM IT ALL. Casco Bay Island Cottage. *New and different.* Harold Kenney, 1691 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

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KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VT. Elevation, 2,000 feet. Excellent accommodations. Private swimming. Sports. Restful. Friendly informality. Delicious meals. Folder.

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LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY LIVING, excellent food, informal atmosphere, honeymoon cottage on lake front at SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING, West Brooksville, Maine. Peaceful, seaside vacation. Yankee cooking.

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GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal, country life; good food, comfortable beds.

MERRIEBROOK. Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

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CONNECTICUT SHORE, Branford, private home exclusively located on waterfront offers suite, sitting room and bedroom, facing water, private entrance, garage. *Private beach. Adults.* Box K-758.

BRADLEY INN, Pemaquid Point, Maine. A house of rare simplicity and charm for vacations. Quiet, informal, exceptional hospitality. Rates very reasonable.

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BROOKSIDE LODGE—by a mountain trout stream in the beautiful Berkshires. Informal, friendly. All sports. Near Tanglewood and Dance Festivals. Booklet. Chester 6, Mass.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 948

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

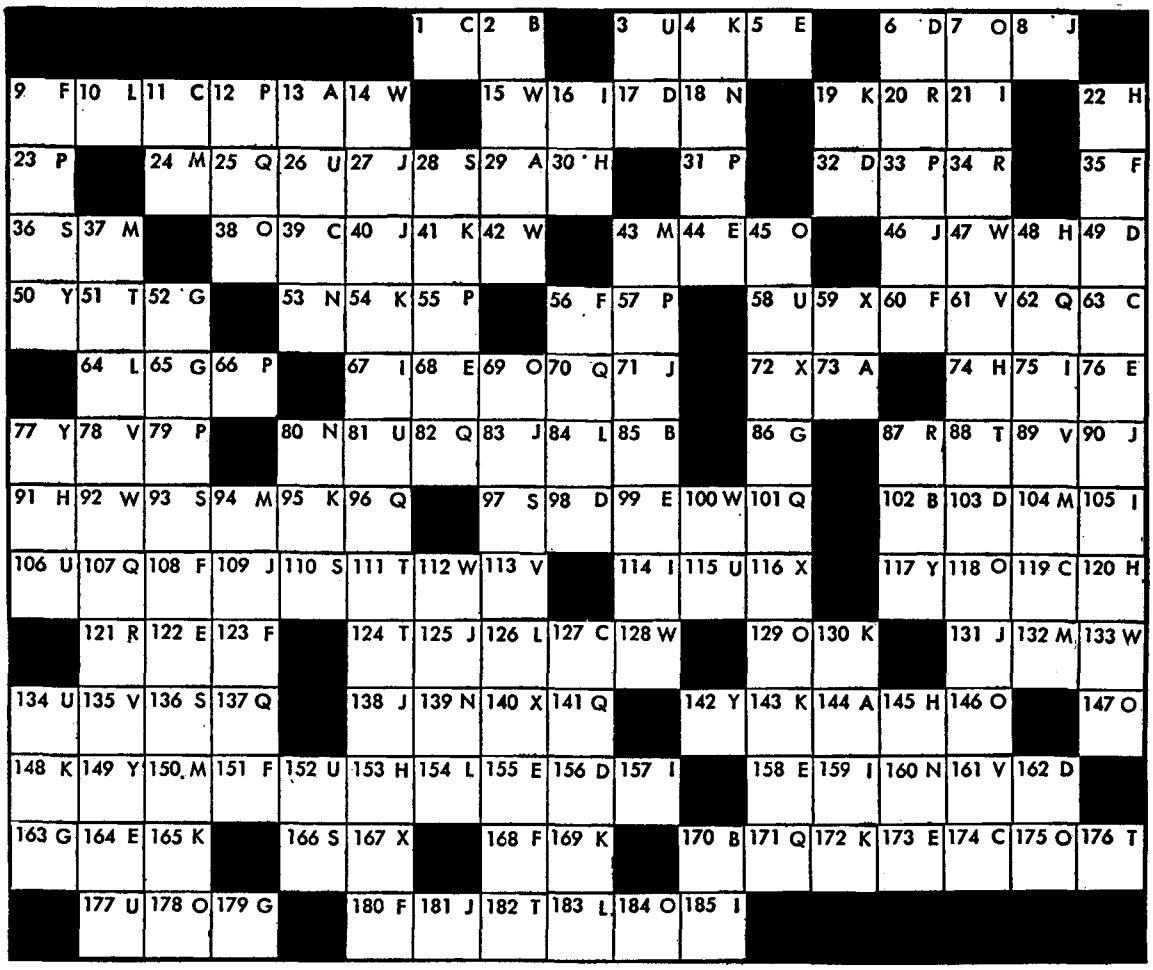
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. An oven in which glassware is annealed.	13 29 144 73
B. American historian and novelist (1865-1902; "The Honorable Peter Sterling")	170 2 102 85
C. Labialized (phonetics).	127 11 39 1 63 119 174
D. "Movement" to revive the church's ministry of healing in full co-operation with scientific medical practice (Boston, 1906).	162 6 32 17 49 98 103 156
E. A kind of Swiss cheese.	173 76 99 5 44 158 164 155 122 68
F. Presented by "This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn" ("Midsummer Night's Dream").	35 60 108 123 9 56 151 168 180
G. Small star in Ursa Major, forming with Mizar a double star.	86 52 163 65 179
H. A dreamy, pensive instrumental composition (music).	120 91 74 22 48 30 153 145
I. Daring without judgment.	114 67 75 16 159 105 185 21 157
J. A cutting across.	181 8 125 131 71 90 138 46 27 40 83 109
K. The *Janiculum* in Rome (2 wds.).	19 130 95 41 172 165 148 169 54 4 143
L. Wife of Elkanah (Bib.).	183 154 64 84 126 10
M. In a manner that may be legally charged by a court against a plaintiff or defendant in a suit (law).	150 24 132 43 '94 104 37
N. American painter in England, requested by King Edward, 1902, to paint coronation picture (1852-1911).	139 80 53 160 18
O. Beneficent; kindly.	38 175 178 45 118 184 7 146 129 147 69
P. The howling monkey.	31 79 23 12 33 66 55 57
Q. Inalienably.	107 25 141 70 171 96 101 137 62 82
R. The average score of a given class of individuals in a given test (psychol.).	34 20 87 121
S. Lady; mistress (India).	110 93 28 136 166 36 97
T. Melodic subjects of a composition (music).	182 111 51 176 88 124
U. Untrammeled.	177 26 152 106 134 115 3 58 81
V. Mother of Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Sarpedon (Greek myth.).	78 61 161 135 113 89
W. Constituted.	100 133 15 47 112 92 128 42 14
X. A variety of ordinary alum similar to Roman alum.	116 72 140 59 167
Y. A pouncing down upon.	50 117 142 149 77

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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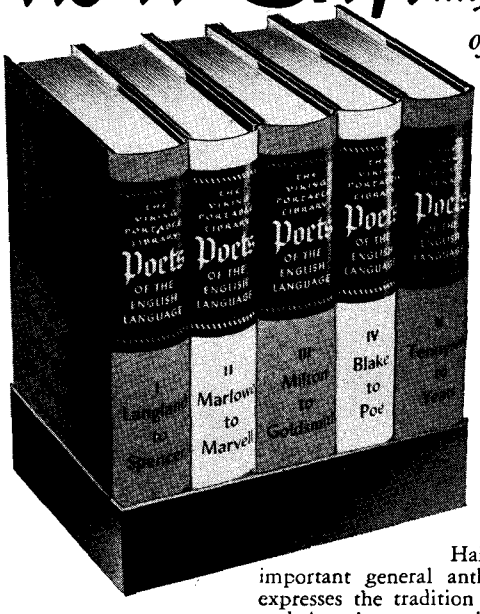

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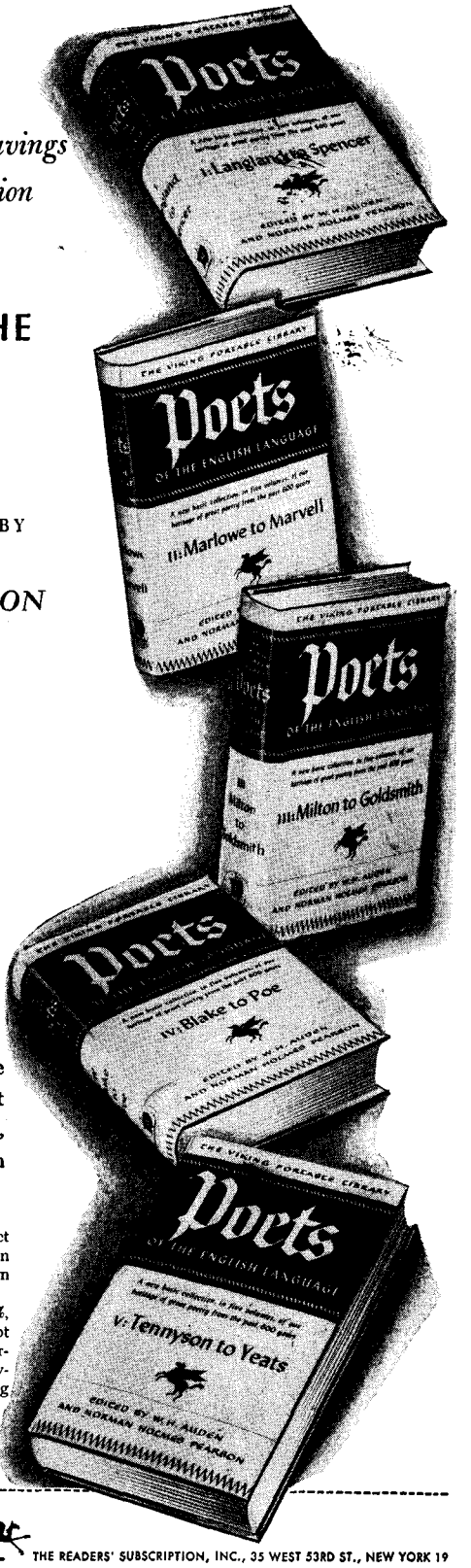

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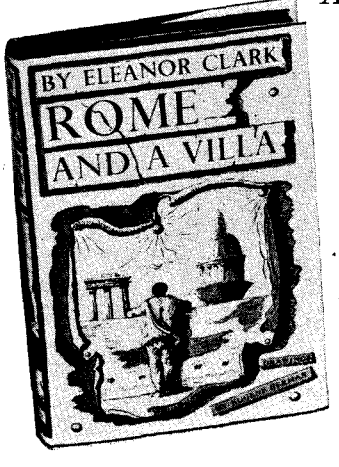

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